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THE SPANISH INSURRECTION.

ONE of the great mysteries of the day is the insurrection now going on in Spain. Not only does no one seem to understand what it means, but no one even pretends to do so. It appears to have been known in London long beforehand that some sort of disturbance was likely to take place, for the *Times* dispatched a correspondent to Madrid more than a month ago, and it is to this correspondent's letters that we owe the chief part of the very scanty information that has been published as to the possible causes of the rising.

The English in general know very little about either the present politics or the past history of Spain. Most Englishmen of literary tastes have, to be sure, read all that Robertson and Prescott can tell them about the history of a few reigns; but this only takes us down to the end of the sixteenth century, and in modern times what chiefly interests us in Spanish history are the great campaigns of the Duke of

Wellington against the French and the minor ones of Sir De Lacy Evans against the Carlists. We know, too, that the Spanish Government does not pay its debts, and that there are certain "bonds" the holders of which would like to see the colour of its money. As for political parties, there are, notoriously, plenty of them in Spain; but very few persons could explain, without hesitation, what the political creed is of O'Donnell, what of Espartero, what of this General Prim, who is causing such a disturbance at the present moment. The Queen has always, and no doubt justly, been looked upon as a woman who cares much for her own questionable pleasures, little for politics, and who is ready to follow the lead of any political party that may happen to be in power. The Queen Mother, Christina, is supposed to have a passion for political intrigue; and sovereigns who take a deep interest in politics have generally despotic inclinations. Indeed, who could expect them to bestir themselves and to run all sorts of risks on behalf of

Constitutionalism, and with the view of limiting their own power? It now appears, however, that Christina has turned "progressista," or advanced Liberal. The real political meaning of the word "progress" in Spain seems to be progress to place and power; but the progress party is obliged, in order to distinguish it from other parties, to make use of certain popular democratic cries, and these have now been adopted by the old Queen. This lady reminds us more than ever of the malicious, unprincipled dowagers of the fairy tales; but we look in vain for the virtuous and interesting princess, and for the heroic prince, who are, ordinarily, her victims. The life of the reigning Queen has been simply disreputable; while her husband, the King, who neither reigns, nor governs, nor, apparently, does anything else, is the feeblest specimen of a King Consort that has yet appeared.

In order to form some idea as to the meaning of the present movements in Spain, it would seem necessary, in the first



THE FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT BECKENHAM, KENT.

instance, to understand the state of political parties in that country; and here we are at once stopped. It is most provoking to the English student of politics to find that there is no such thing as political consistency in Spain, and that aspirants for power pass from one camp to another without ceremony or shame. In Spain, as in most other European countries, we can recognise a Reactionary and Clerical, a Moderate Liberal (*Moderado*), and an Advanced Liberal (*Progresista*) party; but it is very difficult to say what are the politics of the Ministry now in power, and utterly impossible to ascertain those of the insurgents, who wish to get power for themselves. If General Prim is a Liberal, the present Ministry calls itself Liberal also, and since 1854 has claimed to represent the principles of Espartero as well as those of O'Donnell.

In most insurrectionary movements the appeal to arms is preceded by an agitation of which the features on both sides can easily be seized; and at the last moment it is generally provoked by some evident act of illegality or oppression, such as the execution of the arbitrary conscription in Poland in 1863; the enforcement of the police edict against the republican banquets in Paris in 1848; the publication of the ordinances of Charles X. in 1830, and so on. The preliminaries, however, of the present insurrection in Spain seem to have been as informal as the insurrection itself; or, rather, there have been no preliminaries at all; and the first, and probably, even now, the only men who have raised the banner of revolt have been soldiers who, as a rule, take no interest in politics properly so-called, though, in an utterly disorganised country, they are ready enough to fight for their own chiefs or for their own advancement personally. In Spain all the great movements of the last thirty or forty years, from the civil war downwards, have been directed by military leaders. The three living men who have held the mutable office of Prime Minister the greatest number of times are Espartero, O'Donnell, and Narvaez, all general officers of the highest grade. Prim, the head of the constitutional opposition in the shape of an insurrection, is, as every one knows, a General; and Manuel Concha, another General, is the only man spoken of as likely to succeed O'Donnell in case a compromise should be effected, and that the Queen, without accepting Prim, should resolve to dismiss the present chief of her Cabinet.

General Prim does not appear to have issued any manifesto the authenticity of which can be relied on. He thinks, perhaps, that it would be imprudent to commit himself beforehand to any fixed set of principles. It may be that he is only making an offer of his services in a style for which he can find abundant precedents in the modern history of his country. He does not seem very anxious to fight, nor have the forces sent against him shown any great alacrity in attacking him. But he has issued his advertisement. He has proclaimed the fact in a very public manner that he is alive, anxious for work, and quite ready to undertake the government of the country, which he professes to be able to carry on in a much more satisfactory manner than O'Donnell. Prim's partisans would, no doubt, be prepared to show that the existing Ministry has been guilty of grave abuses, and that its policy at home has been of a reactionary character. Oddly enough, it is only a few weeks since that all the Liberal organs in the European press were congratulating Spain upon her recognition of the Italian kingdom. On this occasion the Austrian Government sent a despatch to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs in which he was told that this act was "contrary to all the traditions of his country," a reproach which was looked upon by most persons as a great compliment. We certainly thought, at the time, that the affairs of Spain were being conducted on tolerably Liberal principles; and certainly, before recognising the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, the Spanish Ministry must have broken altogether with the clerical and reactionary party. Probably the truth is that the Spanish people are discontented with all parties, and that those among them who are inclined to support Prim are actuated not by positive but by merely negative reasons. The whole country is evidently in a morbid condition. It has been well compared to a patient who turns round in his bed not because it is more agreeable to lie on one side than on the other, but because he is uneasy on whichever side he lies.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT BECKENHAM, KENT.

The disasters of the late snowstorm have culminated in a sad accident on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. One of the bridges spanning a running stream in the vicinity of Beckenham gave way on Sunday morning at an early hour, and precipitated a goods-train into an obscure stream, where the engine and tender, with thirteen trucks, were buried in one conglomerate mass. After passing the Penge station, the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway traverses a district which is here and there intersected by brooks tributary to the Ravensbourne river. These brooks are for the most part crossed by flat iron girder bridges, and one of these, within about a couple of hundred yards of the Beckenham junction, was the unfortunate scene of the disaster. A goods-train, to which the accident occurred, left Blackfriars station at half-past one o'clock on Sunday morning, and, after the usual stoppages at Hernehill and other stations to pick up trucks, was approaching the Beckenham junction at five minutes to four o'clock, when, without any previous warning of danger, the engine and tender, with thirteen of the foremost trucks, were precipitated into a stream known as the Rasher-brook, ordinarily a mere ditch, but swollen by the late flood into a small river. The engine fell on its right side, and, by a most fortunate accident, the driver was thrown into an adjoining meadow, where he sustained only slight injuries. The stoker, who most probably was attending to his break, was less fortunate, and, falling with the engine, was buried under it and killed. The guard, who was travelling in a tender immediately behind the engine, suffered severe contusions, but a projecting girder saved his life, and he escaped through one of the windows of his van.

The crash was heard by the Beckenham junction signalmen, and at the earliest moment messengers were dispatched for assistance, all traffic up and down the line being stopped. A cursory examination by the officials, who were speedily on the spot, showed that the founda-

tions of the bridge had been seriously affected by the late floods, and that the portion of the structure carrying the lower line of rails had given way either immediately before or at the moment the last goods-train was in the act of passing over it. The engine-driver, who was sufficiently collected to give his version of the disaster, stated that, just before the accident, he was going on "as comfortably as could be," and that the next moment he found himself thrown into the adjoining meadow. The ordinary traffic of the railway was carried on by trains on each side of the bridge, the passengers alighting north or south of the scene of the accident and walking over the partially destroyed bridge, no through train having passed either below or above the Beckenham junction. Workmen were actively engaged on Sunday and Monday in restoring the damaged bridge. It was ascertained that the flood had washed away the foundations of the centre arch, and in consequence the engineers determined to support the remaining rails by blocks of timber, resting on massive sills laid along the surface of the subsoil, in their turn supporting timber barks, wedged close up under those iron girders not displaced by the accident. Transverse timbers were then fixed across the archway to keep everything in its place, and at two o'clock on Monday afternoon a trial-engine, with a train of empty carriages, passed safely across the bridge.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Parisians are speculating on what the Emperor will say in his speech at the opening of the Chambers on Monday next. An idea is gaining ground that his Majesty will state positively that the French troops will be withdrawn from Mexico by a certain date. The steamer *Caton* has been ordered to proceed on a cruise to Barcelona and other Spanish ports, and the captain is instructed, in case of need, to place his ship at the disposal of the French Consuls.

SPAIN.

The news from Spain is still inconclusive as to what Prim is doing and where he is going. Of course we are still assured that he is making for Portugal. But then he has been doing that so long that he must have been over the frontier days ago, unless Portugal receded from him as fast as he advanced. Moreover, there is a total want of consecutiveness in the stories of his wanderings. He appears to be not unlike that famous and oft-quoted bird of Sir Boyle Roche—only that he is often, according to the telegrams, in more than two places at once. He may be dispirited and defeated, but the despatches received must certainly not be considered as conclusive evidence of the fact. According to the latest official advice to hand, dated Jan. 16, the insurgents, under Prim, had arrived at Zalamea, a small village on the frontiers of Portugal. The Royal troops were taking many prisoners, notwithstanding the forced marches made by the insurgents.

On receiving a deputation from the Chamber of Deputies to present an Address, the Queen replied that, in spite of the affliction she experienced in viewing the sad sight of a rebellion among a portion of the army, it was for her a great consolation to see the representatives of the nation offering her their support and the testimony of their unanimous loyalty.

The following proclamation was handed about in Madrid as having been issued by Prim, but its authenticity is not guaranteed:—

Spaniards!—We have arrived at the terrible moment in which revolution is the only resource of the nation and the main duty of honourable men. I am at the head of considerable military forces, and a great number of armed countrymen hasten on all sides to fight under my orders for the cause of freedom and our fatherland.

My banner is the last manifesto of the Progressista Central Committee; with it in my hand I will fight with my wonted valour against the Government which dishonours us abroad and ruins us at home, to the point of making us a laughing stock among foreign nations and bringing us to the verge of a shameful bankruptcy.

Soldiers—who have already fought under my orders—you are aware that I have never forsaken you; and that if you stand by me in this enterprise I shall know how to lead you, first showing you the path to victory, and next remunerating your endeavours.

Fellow-citizens, men of honour! aid me, you too, to bring to a happy end a political revolution, which may do away with the necessity of that social revolution with which we are threatened.

Spaniards! Hurrah for liberty, for the programme of the Central Progressista Committee, for the constituent Cortes!

ITALY.

It is stated that, immediately on the reassembling of Parliament, the Ministry will bring forward proposals to reduce the Budget of expenditure by about 100,000,000 lire.

PRUSSIA.

The Session of the Prussian Chambers was opened in the White Salon of the Royal Palace, on Monday, by Count Bismarck, who read the Speech from the Throne.

The King announces that bills will be brought in settling the Budget, and asking for the supplies requisite for the unchanged maintenance of the military reorganisation and the increase of the navy. Supplies will also be asked for the execution of the North Sea and Baltic Canal, and various other measures affecting home administration will be laid before the Chambers. His Majesty expresses a confident hope that the commercial treaty with Italy will be ratified by all the States of the Zollverein. The finances of the kingdom are in a favourable condition. The relations of Prussia with foreign Powers are satisfactory and friendly.

The speech continues:—

By the Gastein Convention, Lunenburg has been united to the Prussian Crown. It is my desire, while treating with consideration the peculiar state of things in the duchy, to allow its inhabitants to enjoy all the advantages of the union with Prussia. The definitive decision of the future of Schleswig-Holstein has been reserved by the Gastein Convention for further negotiation. By the occupation of Schleswig, and by her position in Holstein, Prussia has acquired a sufficient guarantee that the decision can only be in a sense corresponding to the interests of Germany and the claims of Prussia. Resting upon my own conviction, strengthened by the opinion of the legal advisers of the Crown, I am determined to hold fast this pledge, under all circumstances, until the desired end is attained. Conscious of being sustained by the assent of the people, I hope that the object striven for and gained will prove a point of union for all parties.

In Wednesday's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, President Grabow and Vice-Presidents von Unruh and von Bockum-Dolffs were re-elected. Herr Grabow delivered the usual opening address to the House, in which he sharply criticised the language of the reactionary press, the prohibition by the Government of the Cologne banquet to the Prussian Liberal deputies, and the measures which had been taken to restrict the liberty of the press, the freedom of voting of Government officials, and the meeting of political associations. Herr Grabow deplored the conflict between the Government and the Chamber on Constitutional questions, a state of things which had now become chronic, and had brought political legislation to a standstill. He added that liberty was the only thing which could lead to moral conquests, to the solution of the Schleswig-Holstein question, which the Gastein Convention had but complicated, and to the federal unity of Germany.

A story current in the Prussian capital is to the effect that the London Conference is to be reopened for the final settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question. It is added that the English Government has expressed itself favourable to the proposed conference, but under the condition that the Duke of Augustenburg shall have been first invested with the actual possession.

SWEDEN.

The joint Committee of the Swedish Chambers has agreed, by thirty to seventeen votes, to a resolution proposing the adoption of the Franco-Swedish Treaty of Commerce.

THE UNITED STATES.

We have news from New York to the 6th instant, which, however, is of very little interest. It is stated that, in reply to a protest addressed by Mr. Bigelow to M. Drouyn de Lhuys concerning Maximilian's decree of outlawry against Republicans captured with

arms in their hands, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs referred Mr. Bigelow for information to the Emperor Maximilian, stating that the French Government was not the Government of Mexico. The *New York Herald* hints that the Mexican question will be settled by a division of Mexico between the United States and Maximilian, the latter ceding to the former the northern provinces Tamaulipas, New Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora, and the peninsula of Lower California. The same paper denies that the French and Federal Governments have arrived at an understanding concerning the Mexican question. It is known, however, it says, that Maximilian has not met his pecuniary engagements with Napoleon for the keep of the French troops in Mexico, and that Napoleon will not support a military force there at his own expense. It was rumoured that recruiting offices had been opened in several towns in Texas for the Mexican Republican army. These recruits would be commanded by Generals Wallace and Logan, and would attempt to expel the Imperialists. Envoys from the Emperor Maximilian were reported to be at Washington, seeking for recognition.

JAMAICA.

The West India mail brings news from Jamaica to Dec. 25. The Legislature had passed a bill by which the Jamaica Constitution is abolished and the future government of the country handed over to the Queen. Quietness had been perfectly restored in the island, but precautionary measures had been taken to meet any rising during the Christmas holidays.

INDIA.

A terrible accident has occurred on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, on the Thull Ghaut, occasioned by a goods-train rushing through a station and being precipitated over an embankment of 70 ft. Six lives were lost, the engines and carriages destroyed, and the goods utterly damaged.

A petition for the removal of Judge Anstey from the Bench has been presented to the Bombay Government by many leading natives of Bombay.

Shocks of earthquake have been felt near Calcutta and in the Punjab.

SPAIN, CHILI, AND PERU.

By the arrival at Southampton of the West India mail-steamers *Tasmanian* we have received files of the *Panama Star* and *Herald* to the 22nd of December, from which paper we take the following intelligence:—

CHILI.

During the past fortnight an event has happened causing much rejoicing throughout the country. On the morning of the 26th of November the Chilean corvette *Esmeralda*, twenty guns (32's) and 122 men, made her appearance. Having been informed that the Spanish gun-boat *Covadonga*, six guns (two 68's and four 32's), with 187 men, was about to leave Coquimbo for this port, the *Esmeralda* came up to a windward port, Papudo, about thirty miles north of this, and lay in wait for her. On the *Covadonga* passing that port the *Esmeralda* came out and gave her battle, which lasted but twenty minutes, when the Spaniard struck her flag. The *Esmeralda* fired about fifteen shots, nine of which took effect; the *Covadonga* only four. The *Covadonga* received one shot in her hull and had her bowsprit and topmast carried away and rigging much cut up. The *Esmeralda* received but one shot through her bulwarks. The Chileans suffered no loss to crew. The Spaniards had two killed, fourteen wounded, and 121 prisoners, including captain and officers. These were immediately landed and taken care of, with every consideration to their comfort and security, and were regaled with a banquet on their getting ashore. On the following day, the 27th, the prisoners of war were conveyed, the men in carts and the officers in coaches, to the nearest railway station on the road to the capital, Santiago. The landing of the prisoners occupied less than an hour, immediately after which the *Esmeralda* proceeded to sea, in company with the *Covadonga*, for parts unknown. The *Esmeralda* was commanded by Captain Williams Robledo, whom even the Spanish officers commend for the masterly manner in which he manoeuvred his vessel. The *Covadonga* was the first of the "Spanish scientific squadron" which arrived at this port, and the first to fall. She was followed by the *Vencedora*, lately ordered on a mission (to the south, it is supposed) by Admiral Pareja. The commander of the *Esmeralda* has been rewarded for his bravery by being raised to the rank of Post Captain, and his countrymen have commenced a subscription to present the gallant seaman with a sword of honour. What appears rather singular is the fact that the Spanish Admiral was first made aware of the capture by the Chili papers, three days after it had occurred. It will be seen how effective the blockade must be when the Admiral remains ignorant for three days of an engagement only forty miles from where he is stationed, and within sight of land, and then only to be indebted to his enemies for the information. Before this victory the Chileans had already had another encounter, which also ended very satisfactorily for them. The *Resolucion*, which was blockading Tomé and Talcahuano, had a launch, armed with one gun and forty men, used for watching the movements of vessels near the shore. The Chileans had armed a small tow-boat called the *Independencia* with two or three guns. One night this little steamer fell in with the launch; the Spaniards fired their gun at her and ordered her to stop; she did this and put out all her lights. The Spaniards came alongside and jumped on board, when they found out, to their astonishment, that, instead of capturing, they were captured. The Chileans took the forty men prisoners, and, with them and the launch, returned to Maule, where they delivered their prize to the authorities.

PERU.

Since writing on the 28th of November, meetings have been held in several parts of the country to take into consideration the expediency of adopting the recently-established dictatorial Government. The resolutions passed at these meetings have been favourable to General Prado. The entire nation seems to feel the necessity of immediate and vigorous measures as the only means of maintaining the national honour and saving the country from further financial difficulties. The new President promises well. There has been a thorough investigation into the public treasure, and a system of taxation is shortly to be established, in order to make up the deficiency and to prevent an entire dependence upon the transient revenue of the guano trade. A general abolition of all privileges and pecuniary grants unlawfully accorded by former Governments has been decreed and carried into execution. Several bureaus and all unnecessary offices have been suppressed. A central court of justice has been appointed for the speedy trial and punishment of all persons belonging to the public service who may be guilty of treason, dishonesty in the discharge of their duties, or other crimes. Further, public schools have been decreed for the diffusion of education among the poorer classes. These movements are all in the right direction, and indicate that the Government is in earnest for the welfare of the country, and we only trust it will continue to promote measures of a kindred nature. By looking carefully after the state of their exchequer, avoiding extravagant and needless expenditure, and aiding in the education of the common people, is the only way of furthering the best interests of the country. The *Villa de Madrid* having sailed from Valparaiso on the 1st inst., we are daily expecting a visit from Pareja, having learnt of the triumph of the revolutionary party. His object, doubtless, in coming here at the present time is to ascertain if the Government will confirm the Pareja-Pinzon Spanish treaty. Judging, however, from recent events, such a result is most unlikely.

THE FENIANS.—The city and county of Dublin have been "proclaimed"—that is placed under the special Act of Parliament in reference to disturbed districts and the possession of arms. A like course has been adopted with parts of the counties of Waterford and Tipperary. The trial of the man Byrne, for conniving at the escape of Stephens, the Fenian head-centre, has ended in an unsatisfactory manner. The jury, after being locked up many hours, were unable to agree, and finally were dismissed, the prisoner being retained in custody. George Hopper, one of the men charged with Fenianism, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

MARTIAL LAW.

THE opinion of Mr. Edward James, Q.C. M.P., and Mr. J. Fitz-James Stephen, dated the 18th of January, 1866, has been given on a case submitted on behalf of the Jamaica Committee. In reply to the question, "What is the meaning of the term 'martial law'?" and what is the legal effect of a proclamation of martial law?" they enter into a detailed account of the history of "martial law" and the various senses in which the expression has been used. In early times what was called "the law martial" was exercised by the constable and marshal over troops in actual service, and attempts were made by various Sovereigns to introduce the system in time of peace, which was declared to be illegal by the Petition of Right. When standing armies were introduced the powers of the constable and marshal fell into disuse, and the discipline of the Army was provided for by annual Mutiny Acts, which provide express regulations for the purpose. These regulations form a code sometimes called martial law; it is, however, more properly called military law. There is, then, no other body of existing law to which the term is strictly applicable. The expression has, however, survived, and has been, in the opinion of counsel, inaccurately and improperly applied to the common-law right of the Crown and its representatives to repel force by force in the case of invasion or insurrection. Counsel then illustrate this view of the subject by an explanation of the provisions of the Petition of Right on Martial Law. The sections in which they are contained, 7, 8, 9, and 10, recite that commissions under the Great Seal had lately been issued to certain persons to proceed in particular cases "according to the justice of martial law," and that thereby persons had been put to death who, if deserving of death, ought to have been tried in the ordinary way, while others, pleading privilege, had escaped. Such commissions are declared to be illegal. Counsel then show that certain acts of Governor Eyre resemble those adopted by Sir George Bower in 1569, under the authority of a commission declared illegal by the Petition of Right. They also quote Lord Coke, who observes (3rd Inst., cap. 7, p. 52) that it is murder for any one who has a commission of martial authority to hang a man in time of peace by martial law. With regard to the authorities which took the other way, counsel then refer to an Act of the Irish Parliament, 39 George III., cap. 2, putting those parts of the country still in rebellion under military command, and they hold that this Act does not repeal the Petition of Right as regarded Ireland, but merely meant that the Crown has an undoubted prerogative to carry on a war against an army of rebels, as it would against an invading army, and to inflict on them such punishment as might be necessary to suppress the rebellion and to permit the common law to take effect. They quote the opinions expressed by Sir David Dundas, then Judge Advocate-General, in 1849, regarding certain transactions which had taken place in Ceylon. He said, in answer to questions, that if a Governor truly believes that the civil and military power and the assistance of sound-hearted subjects is not enough to save the life of a community and to suppress the disorder, it is his duty to suppress it by martial law or by any other means; and that he is responsible just as a man is responsible for shooting another on the King's highway who comes to rob him. If he mistakes his man and have not, in the opinion of the Judge and jury who try him, an answer to give, he is responsible. These views of Sir David Dundas, in the estimation of counsel, are substantially correct. With regard, then, to the nature of martial law, counsel lay down the following propositions:—1. Martial law is the assumption by the officers of the Crown of absolute power, exercised by military force, for the suppression of an insurrection and the restoration of order and lawful authority. 2. The officers of the Crown are justified in any exertion of physical force extending to the destruction of life and property to any extent, and in any manner that may be required for this purpose. They are not justified in the use of excessive or cruel means, but are liable civilly or criminally for such excess. They are not justified in inflicting punishment after resistance is suppressed, and after the ordinary courts of justice can be reopened. The principle by which their responsibility is measured is well expressed in the case of "Wright v. Fitzgerald" (27 St. N., p. 65). 3. The courts-martial, as they are called, by which martial law in this sense of the word is administered, are not, properly speaking, courts-martial or courts at all. They are mere committees, formed for the purpose of carrying into execution the discretionary power assumed by the Government. With regard to the Act of the Jamaica Legislature under which Governor Eyre appears to have acted, they hold that it does not create any new power. The legality of the conduct pursued towards Mr. Gordon depends, they hold, on the question whether it was necessary for the suppression of open force and the restoration of legal authority to put him to death. They see nothing whatever in Governor Eyre's despatch which affords any ground for thinking that such could have been the case. The fact that Kingston was exempted from martial law shows conclusively, as against Governor Eyre, that in his opinion no necessity for the assumption of arbitrary power existed then and there. The fact that Mr. Gordon was in lawful custody shows that he was at all events disabled from doing further mischief, however guilty he might previously have been. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that no conceivable state of things could justify the treatment which he received, but no such facts are mentioned in Governor Eyre's despatch. As to the legal powers of the officers sitting as a court-martial at Morant Bay, they are of opinion that they had no powers at all as a court-martial, and that they could justify the execution of Mr. Gordon only if and in so far as they could show that that step was immediately and unavoidably necessary for the preservation of peace and the restoration of order. They had no right whatever to punish him for treason, even if he had committed it. Their province was to suppress force by force, not to punish crime. In reply to questions asking if the infliction of death by officers enforcing martial law on the evidence of looks or gestures and under other circumstances are legal, counsel make the following remarks:—Cases might be imagined in which some of the acts specified might be justified. In a case, for instance, where the loyal part of the population were (as in the case of the Indian mutiny) greatly outnumbered by a rebellious population, measures of excessive severity might be absolutely essential to the restoration of the power of the law, but this would be a case not of punishment but of self-preservation. No facts stated in Governor Eyre's despatch appear to them to show any sort of reason for such conduct in Jamaica. In reply to the question how Governor Eyre and his officers should be brought to trial, counsel state that they may be indicted in Middlesex, under the provisions of 42 George III., cap. 85. See, too, 24 and 25 Victoria, cap. 100, sec. 9. They may also be impeached in Parliament. Any person in this country, they add, may prefer a bill of indictment. In reply to a question regarding the effect of a bill of indemnity by the Jamaica Legislature, counsel make the following statement:—As Governor Eyre's consent would be necessary to such an Act, and as he could not pardon himself, they are inclined to think that such an Act would be no answer to an indictment in England. Besides this, if Governor Eyre has committed any crime at all, it is a crime against the law of England. They advise that if such an Act were passed a petition should be presented to her Majesty praying her to refer to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council the question whether the Act ought not to be disallowed, and that the petitioners might be permitted to show cause by counsel why it should be disallowed. Unless and until they are disallowed by the Queen, the Acts of the Jamaica Legislature are valid.

CATTLE INSURANCE.—Sir J. Kaye Shuttleworth has been urging the Government to adopt his plan of national insurance for cattle which may die of the plague or be slaughtered by order of the inspectors. He suggests that Government should advance money to pay for losses, and levy premiums for its repayment on every farmer in the kingdom, according to the number of cattle he keeps, extending the repayment, however, over a number of years. The Treasury does not approve of the scheme for national insurance. It rather thinks that local societies would work much better. If, however, it can be shown that there is great and pressing need, the Government will recommend Parliament to make loans to these district associations, the repayment to be spread over a series of years.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. BULLDOG.

A COURT-MARTIAL was assembled at Devonport on Monday, on board the Royal Adelaide, guard-ship in Hamoaze, to try Captain Charles Wake and the officers and men of her Majesty's late ship Bulldog, 6, paddle-sloop, for the loss of that vessel. The Bulldog, it may be remembered, was destroyed by her captain on the 23rd of October last, in the harbour of Cape Haytien, St. Domingo, to prevent her falling into the hands of the insurgent rebels, whose forts and vessels she was engaging when she unfortunately grounded on a spit of sand and coral in the harbour.

The following officers formed the Court:—Admiral Sir C. H. Fremantle, K.C.B., Port Admiral, President; Rear-Admiral T. M. C. Symonds, C.B., Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard; Captains T. H. Mason (Canopus), F. B. P. Seymour (Royal Adelaide), C. J. F. Ewart (Cambridge), R. Maguire (Galatea), F. S. Tremlett (Impregnable); and W. Mortlake, Esq., Deputy Judge-Advocate. Captain Wake was assisted by Mr. J. Beer as his legal adviser. On the opening of the Court the officers and men were mustered, all of whom answered to their names, with the exception of one seaman, who was reported "at hospital." In answer to the usual inquiries of the Court, neither officers nor men had any complaint to make in reference to the loss of their ship. A narrative of the circumstances attending the loss of the ship was submitted on the part of Captain Wake, which was in substance as follows:—

Being off the harbour of Cape Haytien, on the morning of Oct. 18, he observed the Voldroque, a steamer belonging to the Haytian insurgents, together with three schooners, chasing a vessel bearing English colours. He promptly hastened to the rescue, and found that the ship pursued by the insurgent flotilla was the Jamaica Packet, which had been chartered by the Haytian Government. He thereupon sent a Lieutenant on board the Voldroque to explain that he would himself examine the papers of the Jamaica Packet, and should feel bound to protect her in the event of her proving entitled to carry the British flag. This incensed the Captain of the Voldroque, who used violent language to the Lieutenant, and afterwards nearly ran into the Bulldog, in his attempt to close with the Packet, in spite of Captain Wake's message. The Voldroque then sheered off, and Captain Wake, after satisfying himself that the Packet had a claim to his protection, in vain signalled to the Voldroque to make known the result of his inquiries. On the morning of the 19th he returned to Cape Haytien, and informed the Revolutionary Council, through Mr. Dutton, the English Vice-Consul, of what had taken place, and of the grounds upon which he had acted. The Council received these representations, according to Captain Wake, in a manner so insolent and defiant as to leave him no alternative but a resort to force. To the reasons which he alleges in support of this opinion we shall presently revert. Suffice it now to say that on the 22nd of October his patience was exhausted, and that, having first communicated with the President at L'Acuil, taken on board the Vice-Consul and a British merchant, and advised all foreigners to seek refuge on board the American ship *Da Soto*, he prepared for action on the 23rd. His plan was to run down the Voldroque, partly because it would take less time, and partly because he "disliked extremely the idea of firing into a ship so very inferior in force," to bombard Fort Picolet, and then to return to Jamaica. Unluckily, during the night of the 22nd, while the Bulldog was off L'Acuil, the Voldroque had shifted her anchorage. Captain Wake, who had carefully studied the soundings beforehand, and knew that there was no shoal water between himself and the place where he had left the Voldroque, but who had failed to detect the change in her position, ordered his ship to be steered directly at her. The Bulldog was close upon the Voldroque, and already within reach of grape and musketry from her decks, as well as of the fire of the shore batteries, when a sudden shock was felt, and Captain Wake found himself aground in 12½ ft of water. He had in fact, run upon an unseen spit of shoal, behind which his enemy had craftily retired. In this emergency he seems to have displayed the utmost resource and gallantry. Stranded as he was, he managed to sink both the Voldroque and a large schooner, and to silence all the batteries except one. He then waited anxiously for the rise of the tide, "with the water started in the tanks, the foremost boilers blown out, the port guns run aft, the steam got on, the stream cable laid out astern, the ship's company rent aft with shot in their hands, and the engines reversed, but all to no purpose." Then, and not till then, he decided on blowing up the Bulldog, under cover of the night, rather than risk her falling into the hands of the insurgents.

Several witnesses having been heard in support of Captain Wake's statement, the court was closed for deliberation. On its reopening, the Judge Advocate announced that the members were of opinion that negligence was shown on the part of Captain Wake and Mr. Behenna, the acting mate, in running the Bulldog ashore, by allowing her to run within the marks laid out on the chart. The Court was also of opinion that sufficient exertions were subsequently not made to get the ship off; also, that the ship was prematurely destroyed. Captain Wake was therefore dismissed the ship and severely reprimanded, and Mr. Behenna was reprimanded. The Court was also of opinion that Lieutenant J. L. Way and Lieutenant F. Rougemont had committed errors of judgment in agreeing in counselling with the Captain to destroy the ship. The Court could not, however, separate, after excepting the above officers, without expressing its full approbation of the very satisfactory conduct of the other officers and the crew under such disadvantageous circumstances.

THE STEAM-SHIP DANE has unfortunately been wrecked near Algoa Bay, and the *Sinla*, an East Indian man, destroyed by fire at sea. In both instances the passengers and crew were saved.

PROFESSOR SIMPSON.—Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, who so lately received intimation of honour intended him by his Sovereign, has suffered a severe domestic bereavement in the death of his eldest son, a young man of twenty-five. It was the desire of a number of his countrymen to signalise Professor Simpson's elevation to a baronetcy by entertaining him at a public dinner on an early day; and arrangements were far advanced with that view, the Earl of Dalhousie having agreed to act as chairman. The melancholy event now recorded has of course rendered it in the mean time impossible to signify to Sir James in this form how much and how generally appreciated is the high mark of Royal approbation just bestowed upon him.

THE LATE STORM.—During the late fearful gales of wind the following life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution rendered noble services in rescuing life from shipwreck. The *Moses* life-boat, at St. Ives (Cornwall), and the *Richard Lewis* life-boat, at Penzance, saved under most perilous circumstances, the crew of nine men of the new screw-coaster *Bessie*, of Hayle, which was wrecked on Hayle Bar on the 11th inst. The local reports state that a nobler life-boat service was never performed. The *China* life-boat of the institution, stationed at Teignmouth, was also instrumental in rescuing the crews of two vessels wrecked in Torbay on the same day. The *Parsee* life-boat, at Palling, saved the crew of the schooner *Laurel*, of Goole, which went ashore there also on the same day. The *Cullercoats* life-boat rendered most important service to some fishing-smacks on the 10th inst. The *Ramsgate* life-boat, in conjunction with the steam-tug *Aid*, was also the means, on the 11th inst., of saving the crew of six men of the schooner *Zephyr*, of Banff, who had previously been taken into a small boat belonging to the lugger *Champion*. Great skill and gallantry were shown by that boat's crew in getting to the wreck and taking the men out; but, had not the tug and life-boat been there, the shipwrecked men and the crew of the lugger's boat would undoubtedly have perished. The *Kingsgate* life-boat rescued seven men belonging to the Norwegian brigantine *Fremarke*, which went ashore in Kingsgate Bay on the 11th inst. On the same day the *Yarmouth* surf life-boat rescued the crew of the brig *Thoughtful*, of Sunderland; and on the 13th inst. the *Lowestoft* life-boat saved seven of the crew of the foreign brig *Osep*, of Fiume. This latter was a most noble service, and was only accomplished by the greatest skill on the part of the life-boat men. The shipwrecked crew and the pilot were very much exhausted, and the latter perished in the life-boat on his way to the shore. The *Peterhead* life-boat was also the means of saving the crew of three men of the schooner *Black Agnes*, of Shields, which went on the rocks near the mouth of Peterhead harbour on the 12th inst. The *Whitburn* life-boat also saved one man belonging to the barque *Marianna*, of Ostend, on the 13th inst. In accomplishing this service, on account of the obstinacy of the foreigners in wishing to save their clothes, the life-boat and her crew had the narrowest possible escape from destruction. The boat was hurled on the rocks, and nothing but her strong diagonal build, says Captain Heard, R.N., saved her from being smashed into a thousand pieces. During the recent storms the life-boats at Cromer, Walmer, Ramsgate, Deal, Pakefield, Southwold, and Rhyl also put off to the assistance of vessels in distress.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' SIGNALS.

ANOTHER attempt is being made, though on a small scale, with some of the trains that run on the London and North-Western Railway, to test how far a system of signals between passengers and guard can be worked with certainty, and also with safety to the rest of the train. With the alarm created by the most exceptional crime of Müller, the cry from the public was loud and general that passengers should have an easy and reliable means of either stopping the train in case of accident, or of calling the attention of the guard to a particular carriage; and in reply to this demand all sorts of inventions sprung into being. Upwards of 250 different plans were put forward, out of which number some 210 were so unutterably absurd as to require only a glance to discover their futility. All these were referred to the Railway Clearing-house committee, of which Mr. Forbes, manager of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, is chairman, and it was then conclusively shown that each passenger in each compartment of each carriage must have the power of stopping the train, and nothing less, as it was impossible, from the narrow space between the carriages and the abutments of bridges, that any guard could be expected to risk his life by trying to come along the footboards to any particular carriage that might want him. In the end the committee declined to recommend the adoption of any plan, and mainly on the ground that to give all passengers the power of stopping trains would in a great measure transfer the practical working of the line from officials, who were responsible, to passengers, who were not. An exceptional recommendation was, however, we believe, given in favour of one or two plans as worthy of being tried—among others, that of Mr. W. Preece, which is working with the best results on some trains of the South-Western line, and another, which is now being tried on the North-Western, the invention of Mr. Howell, the well-known secretary of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. This plan is purely a pneumatic one. Each carriage is supplied with a length of elastic air-tight tubing, which runs under it longitudinally, the ends of which are joined and made secure when the carriages are coupled up by means of a simple screw joint, which locks by the sixth of a turn. From this main tube, thus made to run the whole length of the train, branches are brought through the floor into each compartment, terminating in a small box having an air-tight lid for the main tube, and all its branches are maintained in an almost perfect vacuum by being connected with a steam-pipe of the engine itself, which keeps the air exhausted. Thus, on the first symptom of danger or alarm, the passenger has but to pull a string, the air-tight lid of the box is opened, and on the pneumatic despatch principle, the ball is driven through the tube into a receptacle in the guard's van next to the engine, passing into which it liberates a detent that fires a cap, and instantly calls the attention of the guard to it. By a very simple contrivance, the opening of any of the lids of the air-tight boxes opens also a small steam-whistle on the engine, thus warning the driver of the guard having received a danger-signal from a passenger, and giving him notice to be ready to stand by when the guard's signal comes, and instantly stop his engine, or even reverse it. Every ball placed in each air-tight box of each compartment bears on it the number of the carriage to which it belongs, with its class, so that the guard, if careful about observing the make-up of his train, can give a pretty good guess as to the part it comes from, and possibly even the nature of the danger it intimates. The balls, it is said, may be coloured to indicate fire, assault, &c., but this is supremely ridiculous. The idea of any elderly gentleman or young lady who might be assaulted coolly looking about for the proper colour of the ball with which to intimate the exact nature of their danger to the guard is childish. That the intention is singularly ingenious none can deny, though we very much doubt, when compared with others of a similar kind, if it can maintain the high claims it advances on the score of simplicity and cheapness, efficiency, and rapidity of action. (On almost all these important points the invention of Mr. W. Preece is certainly superior. One radical fault in Mr. Howell's plan is that to work it at all the engine and tender must always be followed at once by a guard's van, a rule which as yet is so far from being invariable on railways that quite as many trains start with a guard's van following as with the guard's van leading. Of course, railway managers might easily endeavour to alter this arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, though the liability of its not being a ways done in making up short trains at junction stations would be very great indeed. All experienced engine-drivers and railway-guards, as a rule, look with disfavour on any plan intended to give passengers the power of stopping trains, and there are, no doubt, enormous practical difficulties, and even risks, in affording such facilities. These, of course, may be overcome in time, but they certainly have not been as yet; and Mr. Howell's invention, ingenious as it is, can hardly be said to entirely supply the great want of the age. The London and North-Western Railway Company, however, are acting with great spirit in giving the invention a trial; for it is only by practical, everyday working that ultimate success is likely to be arrived at.—*Times*.)

STATE OF BETHNAL-GREEN WORKHOUSE.—Bethnal-green Workhouse is being dragged into unfortunate notoriety again. There have been, it seems, numerous irregularities in the house, which—in two cases, at least—have, in the opinion of coroners' juries, led to loss of life. The Poor-Law Board has caused an inquiry to be instituted into these matters, and on Tuesday Mr. Farnall held an open court at the workhouse. The case of James Flowers was gone into, and great laxity of practice in the management of the hospital wards was shown. On Wednesday the case of a pauper named Scholl was investigated, and the same system of carelessness, neglect of regulations, and lax management was proved.

GIPTSY LORE.—A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* writes:—"On a recent visit to her Majesty Queen Esther, the gipsy sovereign, at her royal palace in the village of Kirk-Yetholm, I was treated to a piece of sound advice, in the form of the following rhyme, which appears to be worthy of preservation among similar relics of nearly-forgotten lore:—

A man may care,
And still be bare;
If his wife be thought;
A man may spend,
And still may mend,
If his wife be thought.

This is just as I took it down from the lips of her most gracious majesty, of whose quaint and striking phrasology it may perhaps gratify your readers to have a few specimens. Her description of the village of Yetholm, a straggling hamlet lying on the northern slopes of the Cheviots, was infinitely good. 'Yetholm,' she said, 'is sae mangle-mangle that one might think it was either built on a dark night or sown on a windy one.' Talking of the inhabitants, she said they were 'maistly Irish,' and none of her seed, blood, and generation.' Apropos of her demeanour before her numerous visitors, she came out with this naive confession:—"I need tas hae fifty faces—a face for a minister, a face for a gentleman, a face for a blackguard, and a face for an honest man!" And a clerical gentleman, who appeared before her with his third wife, she apostrophised thus—"Ah! Mr. Blank, ye're an awfu' waster o' women!"

REVIEW OF TROOPS BY THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

OUR Engraving represents a review recently held by the Viceroy of Egypt at Abassieh, on the occasion of the completion of the new palace just built at Cairo, the walls of which command a view of the plain where the manoeuvres of the troops were executed. The order of marching past is shown in our illustration. The Viceroy, surrounded by the principal officers of his Staff, took up his position in the front of the encampment, and the various regiments defiled in detachments—first the pupils of the military schools, and, following them, infantry, artillery, cavalry, lancers, infantry of the line with chasseurs-à-pied in the centre of the column, zouaves and mounted chasseurs, while a troop of lancers, with a light field-battery borne by camels, brought up the rear. The effect of this latter battery was extremely striking, each camel bearing a gun upon his hump, attendants leading the animals, and the men for serving the guns, with the artillerymen, marching behind. Both artillery and cavalry wore the new and graceful fringed head-dress, while most of the men wore the loose, baggy zouave trousers. The entire force was well armed and accoutred, and their evolutions were performed with the utmost precision.



REVIEW OF TROOPS AT ABASSIRAH BEFORE THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

THE FLYING HORSE.

In a late Number of our Paper we noticed a book entitled "Balderscourt," and explained that it was a collection of tales related at a place called "Balderscourt," and that thence was derived the name of the work. The stories themselves are in no way specially distinguishable from others of like pretensions; but some of the illustrations are very pretty, and we recur to the book in order to explain the engraving we have copied from it of "The Flying Horse." This is the gist of the story:—

A certain youth, named Jack, lives with his grandmother at the

sure. Redbeard, after a debauch, goes to sleep, and Jack cuts off the magician's head with his own sword, in punishment of cruelties he had perpetrated upon some poor maidens who had unfortunately fallen into his power. Jack then possesses himself of the magic ring, leaves the castle, and returns home, where he quietly lives till his grandmother's death. He then sets off on his travels in quest of fortune, but is utterly unsuccessful till he arrives at a city the Royal family and inhabitants of which are in great distress on account of the incurable melancholy into which the heir-apparent has fallen. Music is said to be the only thing that can restore the Prince's mind to a healthy state, and Jack offers the service of his fiddle, and is stationed to perform outside the Prince's chamber. He produces no effect the first night, however; but, next day, bethinks him of his ring, by means of which he gets admission to the Prince's room, and learns the cause of his melancholy. The way in which he gains this information is thus told by the author:—

"At sunset he presented himself, as before, at the palace, and accompanied the chamberlain, who shook his head solemnly when he saw him, to the Prince's ante-chamber. As soon as he was left alone he played a few tunes upon his violin, and then, turning his ring, made himself so small that he was able to creep under the door into the adjoining room. Here he found that the Prince had retired to bed, and was to all appearance asleep; but the lamp was still burning on the table.

"Jack lay quietly in the corner watching him. Presently the great clock of the palace struck twelve. Immediately the Prince got out of bed and resumed his clothes. He then went to the window which looked out on a private garden, and, opening the lattice, he said, in a low voice,

Horse, horse of magic power,
Carry me hence to my lady's bower.

"Immediately a rushing noise was heard, like that of a great bird flapping its pinions, and a horse, with four large wings and a golden saddle on his back, flew into the room. Jack had only just time to creep into the Prince's boot before the latter sprang into his seat, and the steed immediately flew away.

"They proceeded for some time with such rapidity as almost to take Jack's breath away. At length they approached a thick wood; and the horse alighted in front of an iron gateway, guarded by two huge lions, each of them as big as an elephant. Here they found several other youths in the same mourning garments as those worn by the Prince, who were vainly endeavouring to press through the gate. But the moment that any of them approached the lions they roared with such terrible fury that their very breath drove the adventurers back, stupefied with the shock. After this had lasted for several hours the dawn began to break. With the first ray of light the iron gates shut to with a sound like thunder; and the youths, each of them mounting a winged horse like that which had carried the Prince, flew off in different directions."

The purpose of the Prince's visit to the wood was to release a beautiful Princess who was confined by enchantment in a magic castle. Jack offers his help, accompanies the Prince to the scene of action once more, vanquishes the guardian demons, and gains admission for himself and the Prince to the fairy castle. Thus the

first part of the adventure is accomplished; but the Prince rejects Jack's further aid, and attempts to complete the Princess's deliverance himself. In this, however, he fails, as divers others had done before, and is killed. Jack then proffers his services to the Princess, who has meantime fallen in love with him, accomplishes her deliverance by means of his ring, of course "takes the lady for his labour," and lives happily in wealth and luxury ever after. "Balderscourt" is published by Messrs. Routledge.

MAMMA AT THE PIANO.

THIS Engraving we have also copied from one of the books published at the late Christmas season, and which we likewise noticed at the time. It is Mr. Leslie's "Little Songs for Me to Sing,"



THE FLYING HORSE.—(FROM "BALDERSCOURT, OR HOLIDAY TALES.")

foot of the Grey Mountains, wherever they may be situated. Jack and the old lady are very poor, the only comfort they have being Jack's fiddle, with which he consoles himself in all difficulties. Their privations reach such a pitch that Jack determines to apply to the neighbours for assistance; and, after canvassing the merits of all who are likely to have anything to spare, resolves upon making trial of a certain Redbeard, an enchanter, who lives close by. Getting admission to Redbeard's castle by a lucky accident, Jack observes that the enchanter has a ring, by twisting which upon his finger, and saying,

Ring, ring, I humbly pray,
That you will serve me well to-day,

he is enabled to make himself large or small to any extent at plea-

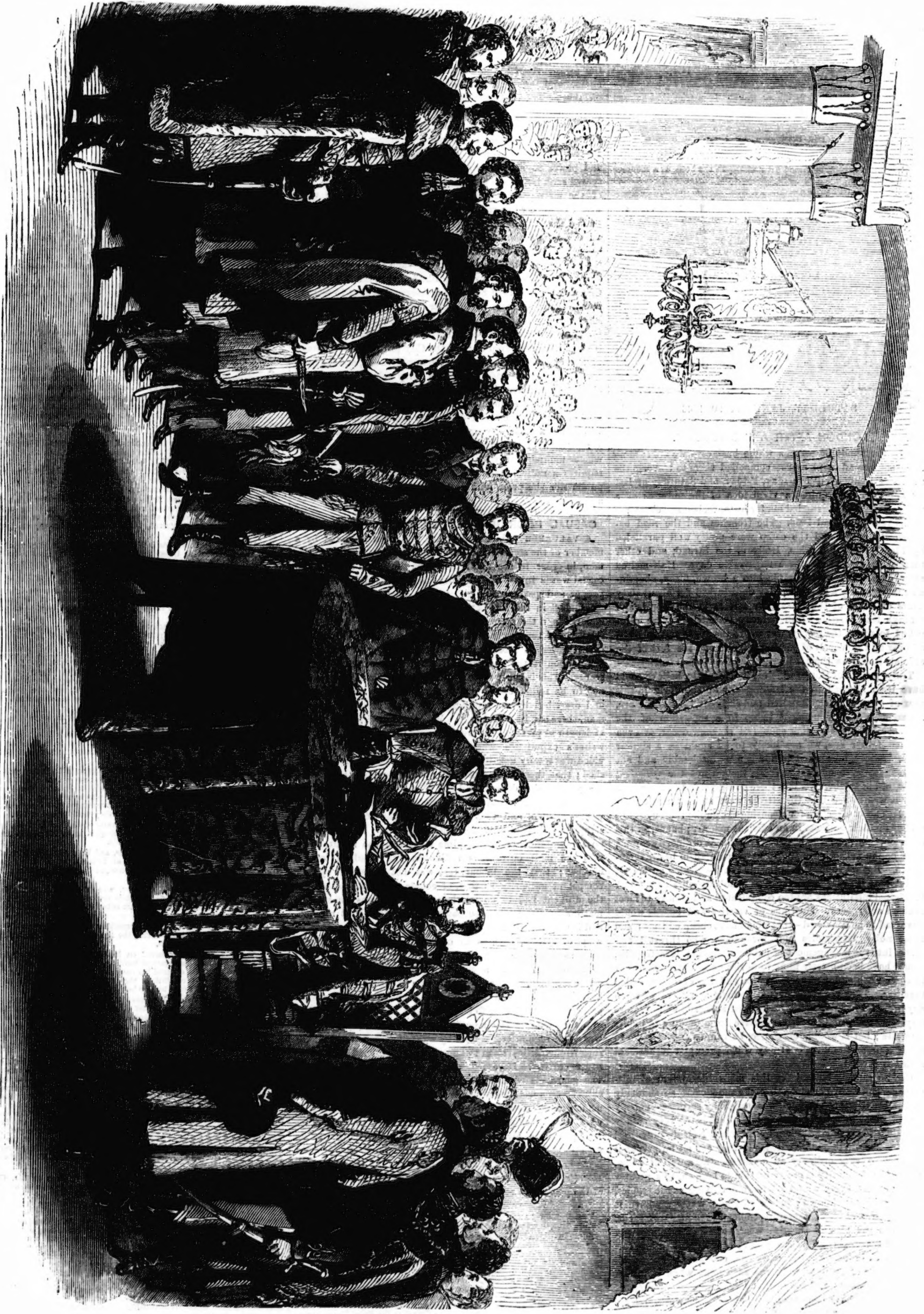


MAMMA AT THE PIANO.—(FROM LESLIE'S "LITTLE SONGS FOR ME TO SING.")

illustrated by Mr. Millais, whose designs are exceedingly beautiful. The one we have copied is the frontispiece, and is supposed to represent mamma at the piano, teaching the "little songs" to the little ones who are to sing them. A very pretty group indeed, which must touch the hearts of mamas and children both. This handsome little volume is published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AT PESTH.

WE have already given some account of the reception of the Emperor of Austria by his Hungarian subjects; and a tribute no less enthusiastic has been given to the Empress, who has, it is said, won the hearts of the proud and noble members of the Hungarian Diet by the graceful simplicity with which she addressed their deputation in the language of the country. Nothing could be more cordial than the tone of the Diet, the brilliant deputation of which was accompanied by seven deputies of the people, and was led by the Cardinal Primate of Hungary. This august assembly was received at the Imperial palace with great ceremony, the rooms



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA INSCRIBING HIS NAME IN THE LIST OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE OF THE TOWNSMEN OF PESTH

leading to the celebrated *Spiegel Saal*, or Hall of Mirrors, being lined with body-guards.

The peroration of the address read by the Cardinal Primate was that the Hungarian nation hoped her Majesty would accompany the Emperor on his next visit to Pesth.

Our Engraving illustrates the new character (for an Emperor of Austria) in which his Majesty is meeting his Hungarian subjects in the capital of that kindly appanage of his dominions. He has, in fact, conquered by his simple good-fellowship prejudices which have outlived many years of arrogance and mistrust. One of his latest public appearances has been in the character of a member of the rifle corps of the townsfolk of Pesth. It is true that he used a piece which did service in 1852, and that with it he made three shots at the target without hitting even the outer ring; but, then, either the members of the corps who shot after him were capital courtiers or bad marksmen, for they were none of them a bit more successful.

Our Engraving represents the scene before the shooting-match, when Francis Joseph inscribed his name upon the book as a member of the brigade.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866.

LONDON AFTER A SNOWSTORM.

THE thousands of persons whose business—we are sure no one went abroad on pleasure—compelled them to traverse the streets of London on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week, must have acquired a vivid idea of the miseries of a winter campaign, as carried on, for instance, before Sebastopol in the years 1855 and 1856. The trenches and the road between Balaklava and the camp were pretty well paralleled by Fleet-street, Cheapside, Holborn, the Strand; and other thoroughfares on those three memorable days. Half-melted snow, churned up by the traffic into a brown, filthy, abominable mess, nearly a foot deep, lay undisturbed for about sixty hours on some of the most busy streets in the world, and through this horrible slush unlucky pedestrians were compelled to make their way, wet up to the knees and splashed all over by the wheels of passing vehicles and the feet of the animals that drew them.

Truly, a state of things which it is difficult to believe could have been allowed in the leading city of the world in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-six! And we are, apparently, at any moment liable to a repetition of the nuisance. Should another such fall of snow occur, or even a much lighter one, we are likely to be again in a similar mess. Surely, such an infliction is most intolerable, and not to be endured, to quote the sense, though not the *ipsissima verba*, of old Dogberry. Was there no official in London whose duty it was to see that the streets were at least made passable? The contractors for cleansing the public thoroughfares seldom do their business in an efficient manner; but as, on this occasion, they appear to have been more than ordinarily supine, some one in authority ought to have made them bestir themselves. But we suppose it is the old fault—divided authority, and “what is everybody’s business is nobody’s business.” Our municipal institutions are too complicated and clumsy to meet such an emergency. Meetings of vestries and boards would have had to be convened—that would have occupied time; and those noisy busybodies and incapables who thrust themselves into the management of public affairs in this metropolis, would have been utterly unfit to devise necessary measures or to agree upon a plan of united action had they even been called together. They are ready enough to meet and “orate” when any proposal is made to supersede their authority and organise a system that will be really effective for attending to public interests; but it would, of course, be vain to expect them to act in a prompt and rational way when prompt and rational action is needed.

Can no remedy be had for this miserable system of mismanagement? We are told that the snow came so suddenly and so heavily that everyone was taken by surprise—nobody was prepared to meet the emergency. That is the very villany of which we complain. Taken by surprise! Nobody prepared! What is the use of public officials if they cannot be prepared to meet so very ordinary an occurrence as a fall of snow, which in this country is pretty certain to happen, to a greater or less extent, every winter? We are not living at the tropics, where snow is unknown; but in England, where we have it every year, and ought, therefore, to be always prepared for it. But even the plea of surprise won’t serve. An impromptu army of scavengers might easily have been organised in a few hours, with brooms, shovels, and carts, complete. Nearly all descriptions of outdoor work are suspended when a fall of snow takes place; and the men and vehicles thus disengaged might readily have been made available for the work. We are certain that nearly every householder in London had, on Thursday, the 11th, and Friday, the 12th instant, from six to twelve persons applying at his door for the job of clearing the snow from his pavement. When private persons could have commanded such a redundancy of labour, why could not those who contract for the performance of precisely this kind of work? The facts are, that the contractors were lazy, the autho-

rities were supine, all were lacking in common forethought, and the public had to suffer.

But is this sort of thing to continue? Must we go on enduring nuisances because local cliques called vestries can’t or won’t do their duty, and yet object to being thrust aside for incapacity? Local misgovernment has existed long enough; the parish vestries and boards have been tried again and again, and have always been found wanting—notably on the occasion of the late snowstorm—and must give place to a more efficient system. We must have authority—and cognate responsibility—concentrated. If we had one efficient and responsible officer—a sort of Prefect of London—with a sufficient staff of assistants and power to act as circumstances require, we should be spared such inflictions as those under which the inhabitants of the metropolis suffered last week. The necessary work would be done when required, and at a less cost, we are persuaded, than that involved by the present bungling system. At all events, we should know on whose shoulders to lay the blame; we should be able to fix upon the parties who neglected their duty—which we cannot do now—and that would be one step at least towards preventing like faults in the future. The City Commissioners of Sewers, we observe, have set to work to punish the contractors by fines for neglect, and have mulcted some half dozen of these gentry to the extent of £200, or £2 for every street uncleaned. This course is so far well, and we trust will be persevered in; but the City proper is but a small portion of what is understood by the word London, and the half-dozen contractors fined are but a sorry selection from the numbers who have sinned. And, even if the fines are really levied—which we doubt—this plan of punishment is but a kind of shutting the stable-door after the steed is stolen, and will go but a little way towards securing the public against a repetition of the neglect and consequent nuisance. The whole municipal system of government in the metropolis requires a radical change; and we trust that neither the public nor the press will rest content till that reform be accomplished.

CASUAL POOR IN THE LONDON WORKHOUSES.

A VALUABLE public service has just been rendered by a member of the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This gentleman, in order to see and report upon the actual state of the casual wards in a London poorhouse, disguised himself as a pauper and passed a night in the shed appropriated to “casuals” in the Lambeth Workhouse. The privations he endured and the scenes he witnessed form one of the most revolting pictures ever drawn. The narrative is written with great power, is most minute as to details, and altogether bears upon it the marks of truthful description of actual scenes. This is the way to get at facts. Official reports are not to be relied upon; but about the things seen, endured, and described by an intelligent, able, and impartial gentleman, there can be no mistake. We cannot go into the matter at length at present, but we may note that the results of the writer’s experience were—That the accommodation provided was totally unsuitable, the “ward” being a mere open shed; that there was no attempt at classification, the old and the young, the decent and the utterly depraved, being all huddled together; that an insufficiency of beds—such as they were—existed, and that consequently the strong and unscrupulous dispossessed the weak and timid; that there was no superintendence or discipline whatever, the result being that the most outrageous ruffianism was indulged in unchecked; that the labour test was not enforced by any competent authority, so that, of course, the lazy shirked, and the diligent had to do all the work. This was the state of matters in one workhouse casual ward selected at random, and it may therefore be fairly inferred that a like system, or want of system, obtains in others, if not in all. Scenes such as are described in the narrative we have referred to are a disgrace to a civilised country and a shame to all concerned. Mr. Farnall, the Poor-Law Inspector, has since visited the Lambeth workhouse, and has ordered proper accommodation to be provided. It was represented to him that lodging the men in the particular shed described was an “irregularity,” caused by want of sufficient space; but such irregularities seem to be very regular indeed with workhouse officials. Here again local government is at fault. The guardians of Lambeth either knew that their ordinary casual wards were insufficient, and that no proper system of management existed, or they did not, and in either case they were equally culpable. If the management of poorhouses were placed in Mr. Farnall’s hands—if he had power to do something more than merely report and reprove—there would be an end to such scenes as those described in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and of many others, which make the administration of the poor law a reproach to our age and country.

THE POLISH LANGUAGE is in future to be used, by order of the Austrian Government, in all official transactions in Galicia.

FULHAM PALACE GARDENS.—Most of the shrubberies and pleasure-grounds in and around London have suffered severely from the late short but tremendous snowstorm. Great damage has been done at Fulham. The gardens of the Bishop’s palace there first became famous in the time of Bishop Grindall (1560), who was one of the earliest encouragers of botany in England. They became still more noted in Bishop Compton’s time (1675 to 1713), during which period, by means of a large correspondence with the principal botanists of Europe and America, he introduced into England a great number of rare plants, and especially trees. Bishop Compton had a long episcopate. He had begun life as a Cornet in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue). He was tutor to Queen Mary and Queen Anne, and crowned William III. His mark is still to be seen at Fulham, both in the house and gardens. In 1751 Sir William Watson made a survey and report to the Royal Society of what trees still remained in the gardens at Fulham of Bishop Compton’s planting. In the report is, among others, mentioned, “*Flex oblongo serrato folio*,” the evergreen oak. We regret to learn that this splendid tree, one of the principal ornaments of the place, has been more than half destroyed, and that the fine *Pinus Cedrus*, or Cedar of Libanus, planted by Bishop Porteus, has been considerably damaged. Other rare trees have sustained injury, and the evergreens are much broken in all directions.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF AUSTRIA has received from the Emperor Napoleon the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

QUEEN VICTORIA has presented Prince William, the eldest son of the Princess Royal, with a silver statuette of the late Prince Consort 3 ft. in height. The Prince is represented as “a hero conquering sin,” arrayed in a golden coat of mail, and carrying the Christian banner aloft in his right hand.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, who arrived in England the other day, will, after his marriage with Princess Helena, spend a portion of next autumn at the château of Gravenstein, in Sundewitt, opposite the Isle of Aleson.

MR. FENWICK, M.P. for Sunderland, has been appointed to the vacant Lordship of the Admiralty.

LEOPOLD II., it is stated, works most sedulously to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of affairs. He is up every morning at six, and, in addition to the regular Council of Ministers, receives the members separately, in order to become acquainted with the details of each department.

LISZT has received an official invitation to compose a march and mass for the approaching coronation of the Emperor Francis Joseph, at Pesth, as King of Hungary.

MR. JOHN FORSTER is to write the life of the late Walter Savage Landor, whose papers and letters—a great mass—have been intrusted to him for that purpose.

MR. BRIGHT has consented to lay the foundation-stone of the Rochdale Townhall, on March 15. The building will cost £40,000.

THE NORWEGIAN PARLIAMENT have just voted a considerable sum for laying down electric telegraphs in the far north of the kingdom.

A SHREWD YANKEE CONFECTIONER has taught his parrot to say “pretty creature” to every lady who enters the store. His custom is rapidly increasing.

PARIS at the present time numbers amongst its residents the five greatest dramatic musicians living—Rossini, Auber, Gounod, Verdi, and Wagner.

INDUSTRIAL MUSEUMS are to be established in the north of London and in Southwark.

THE LADIES OF BALTIMORE recently purchased a suite of furniture for General Lee’s residence at Lexington, Virginia, and sent it to him. The railroad and steam-boat companies refused to charge freight upon it, and the draymen at Richmond quarrelled for the privilege of hauling it through the city.

A METHODIST CHURCH has just been inaugurated at Copenhagen with great solemnity. Mr. Wright, United States’ Minister at Berlin, and several members of the Methodist clergy of America, were present at the ceremony.

THE HON. GEORGE BROWN has resigned his seat as President of the Canadian Council, and has been succeeded by Mr. Hoyaland. Mr. Brown’s resignation is understood to have been caused by differences between him and the other members of the Cabinet upon the question of the Reciprocity Treaty.

JOHN JAMIESON, who was sentenced to death at the Glasgow Circuit Court for the murder, in a drunken quarrel, of a woman with whom he had been living, has been respited by the Home Secretary.

A NEW PLANET, of very pale colour, belonging to the well-known group between Mars and Jupiter, was discovered on the night of the 4th inst. by Dr. Tietjen of the Berlin Observatory.

M. GAUDIN, the eminent French chemist, has recently made a valuable discovery in the manufacture of iron. He finds that by adding to it, when in a state of fusion, peroxide of manganese and phosphate of iron, a degree of excessive hardness is acquired, which makes the metal especially valuable when used in machinery.

DR. DAUGLISH, whose name is identified with the manufacture of aerated bread, has just died at Great Malvern. Dr. Dauglish had been for some years in failing health, and his death is understood to have been accelerated by the labour of perfecting his most recent improvements.

A GENTLEMAN AND A LADY engaged a cab at Portsmouth the other day to carry them to the Landport railway station. On the way the cabman, who was very drunk, fell off the box without the knowledge of his passengers; nevertheless, the horse took them to the station, and drew up at the usual place.

EIGHTY THOUSAND GERMANS emigrated last year via Hamburg and Bremen, to America. About 15,000 more, it is calculated, left for the same destination by way of France, England, and Belgium. The Hamburg-American Steam-ship Company are doubling the number of their ships, expecting a like influx of passengers in the immediate future.

IN SOUTH CAROLINA, the negroes on the Sea Island cotton lands suddenly determined, a day or two before Christmas, that no white person should land on the islands. They fired upon several boats that attempted to land white men and drove them off, and a regiment of troops had to be sent to keep the blacks in subjection.

THE REMAINS OF SIR C. L. EASTLAKE have been brought to his own country, as it is probable that the English cemetery at Florence will be built over in the proposed extension of that city. The Royal Academy having undertaken to conduct the funeral, the reinterment took place at Kensal-green, on Thursday, and was attended by numerous members of that body and friends of the deceased.

A DEPUTATION FROM THE NATIONAL REFORM LEAGUE waited upon Earl Russell, on Tuesday, to point out the necessity that the Reform Bill should be comprehensive. Mr. Edmond Beales introduced the deputation, and speeches were made by working men who were present. Replying to these addresses, Earl Russell said the Government had determined upon bringing in a reform bill, and by that bill they would stand or fall.

DR. LUSHINGTON, Judge of the Admiralty Court, will, it is rumoured shortly retire from the Bench. Dr. Lushington is in his ninety-first year and has held his present position since 1838.

MESSRS. THOMAS HARVEY, of Leeds, and WILLIAM BREWIN, of Cirencester, representatives of the Society of Friends, sailed for Jamaica on Wednesday afternoon. They are accompanied by Mr. William Morgan, solicitor, of Birmingham.

MR. GIBSON, the eminent sculptor, was struck with paralysis in his studio, at Rome, the other day. When removed to his own residence he became a little better, but no hopes are entertained of a definitive recovery. He is in his seventy-sixth year.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON, respecting whose movements there has been considerable speculation during the last few weeks, sailed for Jamaica, on Wednesday, in the *La Plata*.

A SHOCKING SUICIDE occurred on Monday night in Bethnal-green. A married woman, in a bad state of health, and whose husband has been for some time out of work, ordered her daughter to bring her husband’s razor, and, on receiving it, proceeded in the most deliberate manner to cut her throat. Efforts were made to stop her, but they were too late.

MR. LAYARD has resigned his place in the Government as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Earl Russell, it is said, expressed his reluctance to accept the tendered resignation, and it was proposed to make the honourable gentleman a member of the Privy Council; but the proffered distinction was declined. Mr. Layard retains office until his successor shall be appointed.

ATTACK BY A WOLF.—A strange event occurred a few days back between Nant and St. Jean-du-Bréuil, in the Gard. A man occupied in digging for truffles found himself suddenly attacked by a wolf of gigantic size, by which he was horribly lacerated and half strangled. The animal then suddenly left him and threw itself upon a young girl who was guarding sheep at a little distance. Just then a sportsman with a double-barrelled gun came up, but hesitated to fire through fear of wounding the girl. The wolf then turned and attacked him, seizing his cheek between its teeth and inflicting a severe wound. The sportsman, however, succeeded in disengaging himself, and discharged the contents of both barrels into the body of the animal, which fell dead on the spot. The animal weighed something over 110 lb. The man first attacked and the young girl are said to have died of the injuries received.

A TIGER STORY.—One of the family of Nel, residing on Mr. Comley’s farm, near the Koonap, South Africa, had a fearful conflict with a tiger. Mr. Nel had been annoyed for some time by baboons, and took his gun, one morning, with the view to shoot a few of these depredators. On descending a kloof, he was surprised to see a dead bluecock, and at a short distance further another dead buck, of a different species. Looking cautiously round, he spied a large tiger in a bush, close at hand, and, raising his gun to his shoulder, he fired. The shot only grazed one of the brute’s paws, and the infuriated animal at once sprang on his assailant, who was knocked to the ground, and his gun forced out of his hand. Nel, seeing it was a struggle for life, courageously grappled with his foe, and, being uppermost at the commencement of the struggle, endeavoured by main force to hold the tiger by the ears. A blow from one of the tiger’s paws, however, convinced Nel that he had overrated his strength, or underrated that of the fierce brute, as he was driven back some distance, when the tiger again closed with him and fastened on his right shoulder, bringing him to the earth, this time undermost. Fortunately the blow of the tiger’s paw knocked Nel to the spot where he had first dropped his gun, and, summoning all his force and resolution to his aid, he managed to lay hold of the weapon with his left hand, his right being utterly powerless. The tiger still held Nel in his teeth, and was making great havoc with his body—a minute more and all would be over; but Nel was determined to make one struggle more, and, getting his gun (fortunately a double-barrelled one) against the body of his fierce antagonist, while the latter still retained his hold, managed to pull the trigger of the remaining barrel with his teeth. The shot told—the tiger rolled over dead, and Nel was saved—saved, at least, from instant death, for the poor fellow was so dreadfully lacerated that he with difficulty got home.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

MR. GOSCHEN has leaped to the front at two steps. A few weeks ago he was selected to be Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and now he is Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and a Cabinet Minister; and he has not gained this high position by aristocratic connection, for he has none, but simply by his own force. I do not believe that our history affords anything parallel to this rapid rise of Mr. Goschen. In 1863 when he was brought out for the City, everybody west of Temple Bar was asking "Who is Mr. Goschen?" and political quidnuncs shook their heads, and said "It was hardly wise to bring forward a man so utterly unknown to Fame. A foreigner, too! Ah, he may get in now; but at the general election he will go to the wall." Such were the mutterings of old fogyism in Pall-mall; and I believe that even in the City it was thought that a safer man might have been found. Nay, I suspect that "the Liberal Committee" were not quite satisfied with their candidate. They knew that he was an able man, but doubted whether he would prove a winner in a rush. They took him as the best to be had at the time, rather than as a perfectly satisfactory candidate; and I believe that it was mainly against Mr. Goschen that the Conservatives last autumn directed their strength. Here is the weak point of the list, they said: we can hardly hope to shake Crawford or Lawrence, both City men of high repute; nor Rothschild, albeit his illness has kept him too much away from the house; but surely we can out this gentleman with the foreign name. But they reckoned without their host; they had yet to learn how highly Mr. Goschen, during the three years which he had been in Parliament, had risen in the estimation of the London citizens, and must have been startled indeed when they found, at the close of the poll, that Mr. Goschen was nearly 3000 ahead of their highest man. And now this gentleman—thought then to be rather a doubtful candidate by his friends, and doomed to certain defeat by his foes—is the Right Honourable George Joachim Goschen, member of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and a Cabinet Minister. And please to note, reader, that it was not Mr. Goschen's wealth that helped him on, but his ability. On the whole, I consider this rise of Mr. Goschen a very remarkable fact in our history—as remarkable a fact, considering how we have been accustomed in all ages to worship rank in this country, as the fact that a man who a few years ago was a mere working tailor, is now President of the United States. The philosophy of this elevation of Mr. Goschen is not far to seek. The old gold-fields are getting to be worked out, and so we must go a prospecting for new.

And now, who will succeed Mr. Goschen as Vice-President of the Board of Trade? There is a member of Parliament who is admirably qualified for the post, though, singularly enough, he has never been mentioned as likely to have a place in the new Government. I mean Mr. Samuel Laing, the member for the Wick boroughs. He was for a year and more Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and did his work there so well that he was selected to fill the important post of Finance Minister for India; whilst there his health broke down, and he was obliged to fly for his life; but not till he had worked out great reforms in Indian finance. There was a sharp dispute between him and Sir Charles Wood about the surplus; but in this dispute Mr. Laing was right, as events proved; and this dispute can hardly be the reason why he has not been invited to join the Government. Since his return to England he has founded the General Credit Society and other limited liability companies, and perhaps his connection with these public companies may be deemed a bar to his becoming a Minister of the Crown.

Mr. Goschen's elevation has caused a profound sensation at the clubs. At the Carlton it is looked upon as a sign of weakness. "It is a strange appointment," said an ex-Minister in my hearing. "Earl Russell must be driven hard, or he would never have seized upon an entirely untried man and pitched him into the Cabinet." And amongst the underlings of the Government, the Under-Secretaries and others, and that large class outside who were expecting to be called inside, there is widespread jealousy and disgust. Sir Robert Peel is excessively irate; and this is not surprising. You see he cannot be made to see himself as others see him. Who can? When Sydney Smith said that Lord John Russell would take the command of the Channel Fleet or perform a surgical operation at a moment's notice, he described a large class. Everybody knew that Lord Palmerston, and he alone, appointed Sir Robert to the Irish secretaryship, and kept him there, and that when the noble Lord should die Sir Robert would die (officially) also. But Sir Robert could not see this. On the contrary, he would not have been surprised if Earl Russell had made him Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Layard, also, is very angry; and, in truth, he has some show of cause; but it is only a show. Mr. Layard has considerable talents. Nobody denies this. But then he is not a great City merchant with ample wealth. It is a great step in advance to select a man to be a Cabinet Minister who has no ancestral estate; and, perhaps, the day may come when it may not be thought strange to appoint a man who has little but his salary to live on. That time, however, has not yet come. Earl Russell is not trammelled by custom. Politicians generally—those who are not in office, and do not want to be in—are, I think, satisfied with this appointment.

Weakness! No; it is not a sign of weakness. Earl Russell has shown no small courage in selecting Mr. Goschen, and courage is strength, not weakness. Nor do I believe in the club gabble that the Government cannot stand. What is to overthrow it? It is not so strong a Government inherently as I have seen; but we must estimate its strength by considering what force it has to meet. And if we do this we must decide that it is a reasonably strong Government, for on the Opposition benches the weakness is something deplorable. By some accident the Russell Government may go to pieces, and the Conservatives may again try their hands; but they will never hold office long. They have not the men, and, moreover, this country cannot be governed upon Conservative principles. These whisperings that the Government cannot stand originate with disappointed people. What so natural as that those who expected to be sent for should imagine that the Government cannot go on without them? Earl Russell, you see, has decided on fighting for his reform bill to the last. "We will carry our bill, or go." This was his timely announcement to the working men. Well, I now think that he will carry his bill. This announcement will be more to him than twenty votes. It will stop in *limine* the Fabian policy which was so successful against Earl Russell's last reform bill. Such an announcement from Lord Palmerston would have carried that bill; and the Liberal party in the House of Commons is stronger now than it was then. If the bill should be defeated in the House of Commons, Government will resign, and it will be open to the Conservatives to form a Government and dissolve Parliament. If the bill should pass the House of Commons and be defeated in the Lords, Earl Russell will tender his resignation; but I am not sure that it would be accepted. The House of Commons would probably vote confidence; and in that case he would probably resolve to take the opinion of the country specially upon the question, and we may again have the cry raised "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." But I hardly think the Lords will push matters to this extremity. There is now no Iron Duke there. Besides, it is not possible to imagine that anybody can really fear that danger can come from any bill that Earl Russell is likely to propose. Here, then, you have my opinion of the prospects of the Ministry. Barring accidents from sunken rocks, sudden storms, &c., I do not see any reason why the Government should not carry on through the Session. Gladstone will have a glorious Budget to present, and that is no trifling element of strength.

Do you remember that many years ago I told you that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. James Wilson, the Financial Secretary, wished to abolish the county court treasurerships, but Lord Palmerston refused to part with that bit of patronage. The treasurers were quite useless; there was not the slightest reason why the fees should not be paid direct to the Treasury; but then how pleasant it was to be able to reward an old supporter with £700 a year for life, with little or no work attached: for it is notorious that the treasurer's clerk, whom the Government pays, does nearly

all the work. Well, these offices are to be swept away as the present holders drop. We may judge of the character of the offices by the holders—Mr. Coppock, Mr. Delane (not the editor of the *Times*, but his father); Mr. Rose, the Conservative agent; Mr. Drake, the Liberal ditto; and Mr. Disraeli, brother of the member for Bucks, now a Commissioner of Inland Revenue, were some of the fortunate recipients of these good things.

Miss Emma Hardinge, formerly an actress of the Adelphi company, is appearing at the St. James's Hall as an orator upon the subject of America. I am inclined to think that "oratory" is less appreciated in England than in America, and that Miss Hardinge will not meet here with the overflowing audiences and uproarious applause which she has been wont to command in the West. Last century the members of our House of Commons would go to dine while Edmund Burke was uttering his rounded periods. Now, they would count him out, or give him an appointment at Hong-Kong. Miss Hardinge appeared to me to be somewhat dispirited by the cold, critical demeanour of her first London audience. When she spoke of the British soldier who would "die in the trenches, but never yield," the auditory appeared to consider this quite a matter-of-fact statement. They did not cheer. They knew that the man had engaged himself to die, if need be, and that yielding was not in the contract. They did not see anything wonderful or sublime in the man fighting to the last. They would do it themselves upon occasion, and not make a fuss about it. But how would an audience at the Bowery have received such a tribute to their own valour and persistence? No doubt Miss Hardinge knows. The public will, no doubt, be glad to hear interesting personal experiences of distant lands from Miss Hardinge, or from anyone else capable of imparting interest to the narration; but "oratory" in England is somewhat out of date.

On Saturday last William Harvey, the successor of Bewick, the father of our present school of draughtsmen on wood, expired, after a long and painful illness, at Richmond. Of late years his pencil has seldom been at work; but not very many years ago he was almost the only artist on wood that we had, and his style influenced the early work of men like Gilbert, as they influenced their successors. For in art every new genius begins by copying the style which first teaches him to love art, and then strikes out his own line later, when younger men take it up at the point where he leaves it; and in this way the art passes on from hand to hand, and it is not impossible to trace back the art-pedigree of our Walkers and Pinwells to William Harvey, the favourite pupil and friend of brave old Thomas Bewick. Harvey was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 13th of July, 1796, was apprenticed to Bewick at fourteen, and engraved many of the cuts in Bewick's famous "Fables." He came to London in 1817, and learnt drawing under Haydon, the engraving of whose "Dentatus" by Harvey is well known to connoisseurs. In 1824 he laid aside the graver and became an illustrator. Among his best and best-known works are the illustrations to Dr. Henderson's "History of Wines," to Northcote's "Fables," and last, though not least, to Lane's "Arabian Nights," a stupendous undertaking, and one that confirmed Harvey in a mannerism never absent from his after-drawings. A cheerful and kindly man, and yet one who had known heavy sorrows, he viewed without any feeling of bitterness the rise of a school of young artists who, with the public, seemed sometimes to forget how much they owed to him. He did not belong to the present generation, and he perfectly recognised the fact. His prime and flower were things of the past, and the friends of his youth were for the most part gone before him—one of the most intimate of them all was Thomas Hood, between whom and Harvey the feeling was almost brotherly. But so good and kind-hearted a man was sure to win the friendship of young men, and there were heads bowed in sorrow round his grave, last Thursday, that are not grey, and eyes dim with tears, not with age. For my own part, I lay this poor wreath on his tomb with a feeling of real sorrow and regard.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Contemporary Review*, No. 1, is before me, and it has only one defect that I can see—it wants a "light" article or two for the general reader. Probably the next number will consult his appetite a little more nearly; but a better Review than this it is not easy to conceive. So far as it can be called a class review at all, it seems likely to prove the organ of that class of religious thinkers and scholars who come as close to what is understood by the Broad Church as it is possible to come without being actually of it. Those who are curious to see Mr. Mill's book on Hamilton handled by a writer who is an avowed disciple of the latter, cannot do better than turn to the *Contemporary*. Distilled water is not clearer than the article on "The Philosophy of the Conditioned," of which the next part (this first part is merely a statement of the question) promises to prove that Mr. Mill has not even apprehended the questions he had to discuss. The view taken by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre of the Sunday question will surprise a good many people; but Mr. Plumptre is one of the few people—of any class, clerical or not—who know that there is in candour a safety which is nowhere else to be found. He rejects all Sabbatical constructions; will not have those who take walks or look at picture-galleries called Sabbath-breakers; and so on. The paper is well worth reading, nor is there anything in the *Review* which is not good. All the writing is distinguished by a courtesy and sincerity of tone which (it is no offence to say) are exceedingly rare. It is impossible for me to speak of the contents in detail; and I can only add that the "get-up" and general appearance of the *Review* are quite tempting: you can scarcely look at it without wanting to finger it.

The *British Quarterly* is, as everybody knows, the organ of cultivated Nonconformity. The present number offers nothing particular for casual comment; but, as it contains good papers on Richard Cobden, Miss Berry, Lord Palmerston, and the New Parliament, it can scarcely be anything but interesting. The last paper pleases me very much. You know, Mr. Editor, what a savage Radical I am; so you won't be surprised if I say that I think Mr. Lowe is a great deal too kindly treated; though, indeed, he is pretty decisively set up. Oh, he's a petty Enobarbus, is Mr. Lowe! But the worst I wish him is that he may have to wish himself back again with Antony.

The *Popular Science Review*, I have often before said, is "dry" only in appearance. When I mention two or three of the titles of articles in the present number, it will readily be seen how interesting it is. "Australia and Europe formerly one Continent," "The Phenomena of Motion and Sensitiveness in Climbing Plants," "Glaciers and Ice," "Ozone in Relation to Health and Disease"—these are surely not "dull topics;" and some of the papers are admirably illustrated. The notes of passing things are amusing; for example, the following:—

A combustible mud has been described to the Asiatic Society of Bengal by Major Risely. When dried, the mud blazes freely. It has been tried by a locomotive fireman, and found to produce very nearly as much steam as wood does. It seems remarkable that the natives, though well aware of its properties, make no use of it; their reason being that it owes its origin to "enormous sacrifices of ghee and grain" which former races burnt upon the spot where the marsh now stands.

Or this, again:—

The sphygmograph, an instrument for recording graphically the several movements of the heart and their relation to each other, has been employed in a new field by M. Marey. The French savant, in a memoir quite recently published, describes the results of his application of the sphygmograph to the hearts of dogs, cats, tortoises, frogs, birds, fish, &c. M. Marey's essay is illustrated by a number of charts—facsimiles of those drawn by the instrument—which show what a close relationship there is between the movements of diastole and systole of all animals.

I confess I didn't know there was such a thing as the sphygmograph; and even now I don't quite see how an instrument can describe "the relations of movements." But, then, as the poor deceasing farmer said to the parson, "What wi' the railroads a-muzzin and a-whuzzin, and the earth a-go'in round the sun, and the steam-ploughs a-fuzzin and a-puffin, and justification, and one thing or other, I'm clean muddled, stoned,

and bet." (That quotation is, I know, not quite correct, but it is representatively so.)

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, as most of us know, begins, with the present year, a fresh series, and it appears likely to flourish under the new management. The editor of such a magazine ought to be a man of peculiar mould and peculiar culture, and I think the right man seems to have been found in this case. The number contains some very interesting short papers and obituary notices. Our readers know what to expect in this magazine—folk lore, anecdotes, notes in natural history; births, deaths, and marriages; hints of dead or decaying customs, brief indications of the gentleman's literature of the day, *ana*, genealogies, public-school records, and all that sort of thing. The kind of literature that ought to be bottled, "laid down" for a few years, and then read by-and-by, with a crust upon it! It is not generally known, perhaps, but the celebrated Will Waterproof, with whom Mr. Alfred Tennyson used to take his pint at the "Cock," was a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. I had it from his own lips one day, when we were trawling for eels (how dare you tell me people don't trawl for eels?) in the Duke of Devonshire's preserves.

By-the-by, I did not last week see the proof of this column (being unwell and snowed up), and I see *post meridiem* got printed *post meridian*.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The success of "Henry Dunbar" induced the OLYMPIC management to postpone the production of their Christmas extravaganza until Saturday last, and they would have done still better to have postponed it indefinitely. "The Princess Primrose and the Four Pretty Princes" is the attractive title of an unattractive burlesque as ever was produced, even at this theatre. "Glaucus" was bad enough, in all conscience. "Camaralzaman" was worse than "Glaucus," and "Princess Primrose" is (if possible) worse than "Camaralzaman." The authors, Messrs. Burt and Bellingham, have spared me a heap of trouble by kindly inserting an "argument" in the bill, and as it tells the tale with much greater perspicuity than I could if I were left to my own unaided resources, I give it at length:—

The fairy Queen Beante has abducted the Princess Primrose, King Ninnyhammer's infant daughter. At the opening of the play the Princess is seventeen years old, and sweet and fair as seventeen should be. The fairy, following the traditional policy of the "good people," determines to furnish a plot for the Olympic Extravaganza, by returning (under the escort of four princes, her godsons) the Princess Primrose to her father's court. These princes are brothers—Amrus, devoted to the fair sex; Turf, a sporting man; Hazard, a gambler; and Peckl, a gourmand. At the same time, Dubbeldey, a desperate ruffian, conceives the idea of foisting his daughter Redwig upon King Ninnyhammer as the missing child; and to this end he seeks and obtains the aid of the demon Uglee and his attendant spirits. The princes, journeying towards King Ninnyhammer's court, are waylaid by Dubbeldey and his supernatural associates. The Spirits of Love, of Spices, of the Table, and of the Ring, work upon the princes' passions while they sleep and lure them from their sworn allegiance to the fair princess. Left unprotected, Primrose is borne off by Uglee, in company with the princes' unfortunate valet, Zimon. Dubbeldey presents himself at court, and his stratagem is on the point of success, when a diversion is effected by the arrival of the four truants, who contritely own their negligence and announce their intention of seeking the princess the wide world through. Two hostages are demanded by King Ninnyhammer as pledges of their good faith, and Peckl and Hazard consent to remain in durance vile, whilst Amrus and Turf prosecute the search for the missing fair one. Twelve months are given them for the fulfilment of this task; if within that time they do not return successful, the two hostages are to lose their heads, and Redwig is to be pronounced the rightful heiress. Meanwhile Primrose has been transported to a distant country, and her sale by auction is announced for the very day on which the fairy-led Princes reach the slave-market. The purchase of the beautiful slave is fiercely contested by the corpulent but susceptible Caliph, Roli Poll, and the young Princes; but the fairy's inexhaustible purse enables Amrus to outbid his opponent. The latter has recourse to force, but, Beante coming to the rescue, armed with the magic of Stodard, spirits away her protégée. Upon the last day of the stipulated year, Hazard and Peckl are visited in their dungeon by the King, Dubbeldey, and his daughter, and their instant execution is decreed. The princes, however, bethink them of the fairy rings they wear, and casting these in the air, the walls of their dungeons are instantly rent asunder, discovering the good fairy with Primrose and her knight-errant. The princess is restored to her father's arms, and the loves of Prince Amrus and Primrose, which have formed the underplot of the play, are brought satisfactorily within the pale of an Eastern Doctors' common.

The piece appears to have been written in outrageous defiance of all rules of metre, rhyme, and construction, while the puns are absolutely aggravating in their excessive childishness. Here is a specimen of them—a heavy box has been dropped by Zimple Zimon (Miss Farren) on the foot of Uglee (Mr. R. Soutar), and Uglee remonstrates in this fashion:—

Uglee. But stay; to you this hobbling gait I owe,
Zimon. So let me play the hobbligait.

Again, when somebody says to Prince Peckl—

Now don't you echo me!

He replies,

Why not?
I wish that I'd a neck o' mutton got!

Apologies of nothing whatever. And it is an irritating thing to hear "eye fill" put forth as a rhyme to "trifle" and "whiskers" to "this course." However, the scenery is charming, and the dresses are superb. It is well acted, especially by Miss Farren, Miss Foote, and a Miss H. Everard; and, under these circumstances, it is, perhaps, hypercritical on my part to find fault with the libretto. But there are some jokes that make one want to kick out the front of the dress circle when one hears them, and, if "Princess Primrose" has one of this description, it has fifty.

The two admirable ballets at the ALHAMBRA are as attractive as ever. The first ballet, which is played at about nine o'clock, is, without exception, the best ballet I ever saw. The other, played at about eleven, is little more than a gorgeous transformation scene; but it is also excellent in its way.

NEW FIRE SALVAGE CORPS.—In consequence of the management of the fire brigade being transferred to the Metropolitan Board of Works the leading fire insurance companies in the metropolis have decided on establishing a new force, to be called the London Salvage Corps, for the better protection of property at fires. They have appointed Mr. Swanton, the present chief officer of the western division of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, superintendent of the corps, which is to muster nearly 100 men—viz., five foremen, thirty permanent men, and sixty auxiliaries, to be employed when wanted. The corps will be divided into four districts, each station being in close proximity to the present fire-engine stations, so in the event of a fire happening any given number of men can at once be employed in saving property whether insured or otherwise. The uniform to be worn by the corps will be similar to that of the old fire brigade. They will have leather helmets. (The new fire brigade are to have brass helmets, similar to those worn by the fire regiment in Paris.) Mr. Swanton, who received his appointment as superintendent on Monday, has had great experience of London fires, and undoubtedly well merits the important post conferred on him by the different offices. He served many years under the late Mr. Braidwood, and acted as deputy-superintendent until Captain Shaw was appointed to the chief office.

AMERICAN CLAIM OF COPYRIGHT IN ENGLISH BOOKS.—A case involving a question of copyright law of much interest to book publishers has been decided by Judge Shipman in the Circuit Court of the United States, on a motion for an injunction and a receiver. The facts of the case, as set up in the complainant's bill, were briefly these:—They alleged that in the book-selling trade there had sprung up a usage, or custom, or courtesy, by reason of which, if one firm prints a book which is not the subject of copyright, other booksellers refrain from publishing rival editions of the same book; that the defendant, Mr. Houghton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, being the proprietor in this way of the "Household Edition" of the works of Dickens, made an agreement with the complainants, Sheldon and Co., of this city, for the publishing and sale thereof together for a certain number of years, and under which the books had been sold until now, when the term was about to expire; and alleging that the "good-will," as they termed it, of this publication was worth 30,000 dollars, they applied to the Court for an order that a receiver be appointed, under whom the publication should be continued by the parties as heretofore until the final order of the Court. The Judge, however, refused to make an order, holding that this alleged "good-will" was not property, since it came only from the courtesy of the trade. A contrary decision would have given a publisher a copyright in the works of a foreign author, for the benefit not of the author, but of the publisher.—*New York Times*.

THE LATE STORM ON THE COAST OF DEVON.



WRECKS IN TORBAY.

THE LATE STORMS.

FROM all parts reports of the damage done by the late storms continue to be received. An immense number of wrecks have occurred, and numerous lives have been lost; but perhaps the most serious tale of disaster at any one point is contained in the accounts of

THE WRECKS IN TORBAY.

The effects of the gale of last week in Torbay were most fearful; many vessels were driven ashore, and it is reported that about a hundred lives have been lost.

In the early part of the week there were several large vessels and

numerous trawlers lying in Brixham Roads, having put in for shelter from the south-westerly gales. On Wednesday night week the wind went round to the eastward, blowing a hurricane, with a heavy fall of snow. All the vessels in the roads were exposed to its violence, and several, breaking from their moorings, drove ashore.



THE STORM AT BRIXHAM



LONDON A "SLOUGH OF DESPOND": SCENE NEAR TEMPLE BAR ON FRIDAY, JAN. 12, 1886.

Thursday's dawn disclosed the dreadful sight of the wrecked vessels, many of which were on Broadlands. The crews were partly saved, but many lost their lives. Those who got ashore were in the most shocking plight—half dead with cold and exhaustion. A number of them were Spanish and Dutch, from foreign barques that had foundered. All were taken charge of by the people in the neighbourhood, and we hear of one hospitable farmer who opened his house to receive the unhappy sufferers with every possible comfort he could afford. As the day advanced the gale continued, and the shipping yet afloat was every moment in the greatest danger. Altogether, forty-two vessels were driven ashore. From some of the wrecks the men were not all saved by Thursday afternoon, and an eye-witness describes the furious breaking of the waves on the beach as most appalling. The surf rendered it extremely difficult to give assistance to the wrecks. The Brixham men are generally foremost to help in such times; but on this occasion the fishwives of the place specially distinguished themselves. In the height of the gale, when the cries of drowning men were mingled with the howling of the wind, they brought out their mattresses and bedding, and made a fire on the quay to indicate to the shipwrecked sailors the entrance to the harbour. The most frantic excitement prevailed throughout the town, and many gallant efforts were put forth to save life and property. One noble woman named Wheaton, wife of a master mariner, saved two lives by throwing a rope from the window of her house, which stands on the rocks overhanging the bay at Furzeham-hill.

There were certainly sixty-two sail in the bay when the gale came on, and of these there were riding in the bay after the storm, ten; in the harbour, ten; wrecked on the coast or foundered in the bay, forty-two. There were besides eight trawl-sloops sunk and wrecked. Many of the vessels attempted to work out of the bay, but were unable to do so. One schooner was blown ashore at Goodington. Ten are ashore at Broadlands, five of which are totally destroyed. There are two ashore at Churston Cove, and at Brixham the scene is awful.

Amongst the vessels wrecked are:—The brig Hanover, laden with oil of vitriol and paint, from Rouen, bound to Malbis. She was washed against the south end of the Broadlands, and was totally wrecked. The captain was drowned in his cabin, but the rest of the crew, after hard struggles, escaped with their lives by swimming to the shore. The Dream, a French brig, from Jersey, and bound to Cardiff, in ballast, came to grief outside the Brixham Pier; but, happily, the crew were saved. The Emilie and Charles, a French brigantine, on a voyage from Ardrossan to Charente, and laden with coal, was seen sinking on Thursday evening, but the crew were rescued from a watery grave. The Lady of the Lake, a Brixham smack, bound to Guernsey with thirty head of cattle, was in the roads; and, being driven against the pier, on Thursday morning, was wrecked. Both crew and cattle were, after gallant exertions, saved. This vessel went down in the harbour. The Wild Rose, of Whitby, a barque laden with wheat, from Odessa, and bound for Dublin, put in here from Falmouth. The vessel was entirely wrecked, but the crew, numbering seven, were saved. The Princess Beatrice, another barque laden with wheat from Odessa, and also bound for Dublin, sank; all the crew, however, escaping. The Courier, a Prussian brigantine, from Rio Janeiro, South America, and waiting in Torbay for orders, was completely lost, and two of her crew were drowned. The James, a fine schooner, laden with more than 100 tons of flour, and bound from Havre de Grace for Liverpool, put into the bay on Sunday last, weather-bound, and was stranded on Goodington Sands. The cargo was materially damaged, and the vessel knocked to pieces. The Alone, laden with currants, from Madras, was driven ashore and destroyed: crew saved. The Armada, a Hull brigantine, laden with a miscellaneous cargo, was seen to sink: out of a gallant crew of eight only the captain and two of his men escaped. The Mary Ann, a London brig, in ballast, and bound from Southampton to Newport, was entirely wrecked, and several of the crew were lost. The Jessie, 120 tons, of Exeter, owner Captain Mitchell, in ballast, and bound from Exmouth to Neath, is supposed to have been completely wrecked: it is said that all the crew, consisting of six, were drowned. The Zoe, a Plymouth brig, in ballast, and bound to Cardiff: five out of a crew of nine, including Pilot Vittery, of Brixham, were lost: the captain was amongst the saved. Those lost only went on board a few hours previously. The Cambra, 107 tons, owner, Mr. Dixon, of Exeter, Captain Hayman, bound from Exmouth to Port Talbot, in ballast, went to pieces immediately after striking; but all the crew, six in number, were saved. The Scythian, an Exeter vessel, Captain Joseph Solomon, in ballast, and bound from Exeter to Port Talbot, was entirely wrecked, but all hands were saved. The Abena, a Brixham vessel, Captain Hellings: crew saved. The Blue Jacket, a Salcombe schooner, totally wrecked: crew saved. The Elizabeth, a schooner, bound to Lewes from Nantes, France, was lost, and it is feared the crew met with no better fate. The Horror, a Shields brigantine, wrecked: crew saved. The Thomas and Mary, laden with potatoes, and bound from Guernsey to Cardiff, totally wrecked: crew saved. The Cheshire Witch—three out of a crew of six drowned, vessel completely shattered. The Britannia, an unknown vessel, came to pieces, and her gallant captain, Captain Clifton, was drowned, the remainder of the crew being dragged to the shore by ropes. The Useful, a Shields brig, entirely wrecked: crew saved. The following trawlers were wrecked:—The Telegram, total wreck—crew saved; the Helen, total wreck—crew saved; the Providence, partially wrecked—crew saved by getting on board another vessel; the Colonel Buller, total wreck—the crew, consisting of three, left the trawler in a boat, which, on their making for the shore, capsized, and all were drowned; the Salem, wrecked—crew saved; the Briton, wrecked—crew saved; the Lively, wrecked—crew saved; the Belle, a French trawler, wrecked—crew saved; the Forerunner, wrecked—crew saved. A steamer, unknown, went down with all hands. It is supposed the following, safely anchored on Wednesday, also sank:—The Florence Nightingale, of Padstow; the James, of Llanelli; the Richard, from Havre, bound for Liverpool; the Providence, of Goole; the brigantine Jane and Anne, of Fowey, Captain Evans; the Silvanus, of Bideford; a London vessel, the Sophia Austin; and the Southerly, bound from Exmouth to France.

The shore was literally covered with wrecks, and several bodies were washed ashore. A large fund has been raised for the relief of the sufferers. The ship insurance companies of Brixham and Teignmouth are heavy losers.

FOUNDERING AT SEA OF THE STEAM-SHIP LONDON.

Messrs. Money Wigram and Son's steam-ship London, Captain Martin, from London for Melbourne, has foundered at sea, with about 220 souls on board. The survivors, sixteen of the crew and three passengers, were landed at Falmouth, on Tuesday, by the Italian barque Marianople. The chief officer among them, Mr. John Greenhill, the engineer, reports as follows:—

We left Plymouth on the 6th of January. On the 7th we experienced heavy weather, with rain. On the 8th, the same. On the 9th, lost jibboom and foretop-mast, topgallant-mast, and royal-mast. About nine o'clock we lost the port life-boat, a heavy gale prevailing at the time. On the 10th, at three a.m., the ship put about, intending to run back to Plymouth. About the same time the starboard life-boat was washed overboard by a heavy sea, which also stove the starboard cutter. At noon, in lat. 46° 8' N., long. 0° 37' W., we were shipping heavy seas, which carried away the engine-room hatch, the water going down and putting the fire out. The passengers were bailing the water out of the ship with buckets. Jan. 11.—The gale was still increasing, with heavy cross seas, nearly all coming over the ship. During the morning all that could be tried to stop the leak in the engine-room hatch, but to no purpose. About four a.m. four of the stern ports were stove in; efforts were made to stop them, but it was found to be impossible. At ten a.m. lowered the starboard-pinnace, which foundered. At one p.m. we could see the ship gradually sinking, it being then as low in the water as the main chains. At two p.m. the following persons left in the port-cutter:—D. G. Wain, John Munro, and J. E. Wilson, passengers; John Greenhill, engineer; John Jones, second engineer; John Armour, third engineer; Thomas Brown, fireman; W. M. Edwards, midshipman; D. T. Smith, steward's mate; William Daniels, quartermaster; John King, Benjamin Shield, Richard Lewis, James Gough, Edward Quin, able seamen; William Crimes, ordinary seaman; A. G. White, boatswain's boy; William Hart, carpenter's mate, and Edward Gardner, second-class steward. About

five minutes after leaving the vessel we saw her go down, stern foremost, with about 220 persons on board, all of whom are supposed to have perished. There were two other boats getting ready when we left, but they were too late. The above-named persons were picked up by the Marianople, and treated with the greatest kindness by her captain, Carasa.

The survivors were driven before the gale in the cutter for twenty hours before they were picked up, and had one very narrow escape of being swamped, the boat being half filled with water. Dr. Woolley, Bishop of Sydney, New South Wales, and Mr. G. V. Brook, the actor, are supposed to be among those who have perished.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL ALBERT AND ALL ON BOARD.

Intelligence arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday evening of the loss of this vessel, bound from Calcutta to London. The disaster took place in Bude Bay, Cornwall, and the report states that every soul on board perished. The captain's desk and writing materials were washed ashore shortly after the wreck, and the cargo is strewn about the coast. The Royal Albert left Calcutta on Sept. 14, and is owned by Messrs. Fernie Brothers, of Liverpool.

LOSS OF THE STEAM-SHIP AMALIA.

Among the losses at sea by the late gales one of the heaviest, so far as property is concerned, is that of the Amalia, one of a new line of steamers from Liverpool to India, by the Mediterranean. The Amalia left Liverpool on the 6th inst., and encountered a succession of gales and hurricanes, and on the 12th she foundered in the Bay of Biscay. Fortunately, the screw-steamer Laconia had come up, and, seeing the distressed condition of the Amalia, remained by her, and finally succeeded in rescuing the crew an hour or two before she sank. The Amalia was insured for £50,000, and her cargo for £200,000.

FLOODS ON THE THAMES.

The sudden melting of the snow and the rain which accompanied the process caused an immense flood in the Thames in the neighbourhood of Windsor, Eton, Staines, &c. Several streets in Windsor were overflowed, and communication with the houses had to be carried on by boats. The meadows in the neighbourhood were also flooded, and had all the appearance of a succession of large lakes. The neighbourhood of Lea Bridge has also been flooded to an alarming extent, and many of the poor inhabitants have been subjected to great hardships.

THE SNOWSTORM OF LAST WEEK.

STATE OF THE STREETS OF LONDON.

"WHAT is everybody's business is nobody's business" is too often a true proverb. Everybody's business for three days last week was complaining of the snow-slush in our streets: but it appears to have been nobody's business to have taken it away. Three days of a deluge of slush has brought the subject of street-cleaning home to everyone's personal consideration. Country snow is dazzling white; London snow is of such a detestable repulsive colour that even unwashed ragamuffins decline to pelt each other with it. All the chimneys in the City would not smoke it to the greenish brownish hue it acquires within a day, and its colour undoubtedly comes from the stirred-up mud. It happened that before the late snowfall there had been some days of dry weather and strong winds, so that the mud-heaps were in good condition for carting. The City authorities, too, had been sharp upon their contractors for previous neglect, and scavengers, thus, in London and its suburbs alike, had been unusually active. Our streets were cleaner than usual. We can therefore, in the present instance, deal more purely with the snow as such, and for once set aside the question of mud. The snowstorm was in full play about four a.m., and had practically ceased by eight o'clock, when our streets were covered with a light white mantle, some 6 in. thick, and easily removable. The London world got on in a sort of way the first day: it was true there was some slush; but the state of everything the second day beggared all description. Everybody and everything was in confusion. The early omnibuses stopped short at the underground railway stations, and told their passengers to go on by locomotive to the City. Passengers from Bayswater to Tottenham-court-road had thus to foot it from Paddington, or split the difference between rail and walking by emerging from the subterranean tunnel at Gower-street. Similarly all around the great metropolitan centre everyone was put to the shift. How many poor clerks were behind time; how many, slushed and wet-footed from walking to their duties, have caught colds or imbibed the seeds of fever; how many thinly-shod workwomen have taken the first taints of consumption; how many legacies of distress, to be left hereafter to many a striving family, will bear date from that fatal twelfth of January—no one can write down; and the Registrar-General's grand array of figures will never tell us—but his voluminous accounts will swell up and show some indication of the extent of that misery which the finger of one snowstorm can write on the life-scroll of London existence.

Well, let the main part of this sad Friday pass, with all its medley scenes; with all the honest striving industry of ragged children and tattered roughs striving with broom and shovel for a copper harvest; the scrambling and falling of horses; the difficulties of cabmen and waggons; the narrow escapes from injuries; the cursing, swearing, and all the brutalising influences and passions brought forth at such a season; and take four o'clock in the afternoon as the time to make a tour of inspection to see what our scavengers and our street authorities have done for us. Nothing at all. Absolutely nothing. Had their intellects and their energies been frozen up together, and refused to be thawed into activity? All along Oxford street, New Oxford-street, and Holborn, the snow, half melted with the natural heat of the soil and that radiated from the houses, lay ankle deep all over the roadway, and, swept from the pavements, was heaped, thicker still, threefold along the gutters. Down Holborn-hill horses were slipping and sliding, trembling in every muscle with fright. Up Holborn-hill, horses, whipped and hooted at, were struggling, plunging, tumbling, reeking with the perspiration at once of fear and labour. All along each foot-path stood crowds gazing at the shocking scenes—shocking, indeed, to any heart that could feel for the sufferings of poor useful brutes, and had that simple share of humanity which every true heart should possess to fit its owner for a proper existence in our common world—scenes that in one hour should give the secretary of the Humane Society for the Protection of Animals from Cruelty weeks of prosecution and the parish ministers months of holy labour. Down one side and up the other, both almost bad alike, both with snow-swept pavements and snow-heaped roads and choked-up gutterways. Not a whit better all along Newgate-street, and worse and worse along Cheapside, until across the wide interspace between the Mansion House, the Bank, and the Royal Exchange, there was a veritable sea of slush—the acme of perfection of the fearful mess and mischief one little snowstorm can effect, exhibited in the very heart and centre of this first city in the world. All along both Oxford-streets and Holborn, all along Fleet-street and the Strand, all along Moorgate-street and Bishopsgate, all along King William-street and London Bridge, all along the Borough, east, west, north, and south of that very heart of London, where the princely merchants of our metropolis make their princely fortunes; where the richest bankers turn over daily fabulous sums of notes and coin; there, under the very eyes of the Lord Mayor himself, slush held its court supreme; thence slush extended in every direction, far beyond the vision of worshipful eyes, far beyond the range of the Lady Mayor's best opera-glass. Over all the miles of street visible from the highest pinnacle of his Mansion House was there a scavenger to be seen? Not one. No, nor even a trace, one little trace, of a scavenger's work; not even of a scavenger's effort. Yes, one trace of one effort along the top of Cheapside, close to that great Mansion House where his Worship holds his court and passes sentences on offending sinners. There, at half-past four, somebody like a scavenger-contractor, porly in person and mud-bespattered, as a scavenger-contractor should be, was to be seen directing the decrepit energies of eight decrepit men. In the midst of all the cabs, omnibuses, arte, wag-

gons, hand-barrows, trucks, and other vehicles which those particular hours of four and five do put daily into most particular activity, this well-meaning individual and his eight intelligent (?) men made their first effort to do their duty. We stood and looked, and wondered what they—the scavengers and their "governor"—had been thinking about all that day and the day before; wondered if they had thought at all; wondered if they really had been frozen up and had just been thawed like fishes out of Arctic ice, or had gone to sleep and dreamed most happy dreams, oblivious of the world, the streets, and their condition; wondered if they had been considering all that time what it was conscientiously their duty to do; wondered if they had been watching the horses and omnibuses on Holborn-hill, at the bottom of Ludgate-street, or the men throwing the snow from the housetops; wondered if they really had at last conceived a good idea, and were going to put it in practice. And so we stood and looked till the scavenger-contractor-looking personage came up and spoke to us. He had wondered what could be our motive for looking on. It was twenty minutes since we had first stood still. "I'd give twenty pounds for two hours' good rain," said he. "Why would you?" we asked. "It would be worth two hundred, indeed, perhaps," he continued. We did not like to ask questions; it would not be quite honourable to draw him out and print his observations. Still we were forced, in common courtesy, to make reply. "I might save more than that by it," said he. "Why so?" "Oh, they can fine us two pounds a street, and what can we do with them in this weather?"

Truly, what could scavengers do in the midst of that busy traffic; but could they not have done a good deal before that busy traffic began? Could they not still do a good deal after that traffic should cease? The right effort at the right time would prove as successful in scavenging as in commerce or in war.

"And what can we do if it comes on to freeze?" So speaking, he walked across the road and dismissed his men from their futile labours.

The fears of this worthy contractor have been, to some extent at least, realised. When the Commissioners of Sewers of the City held their usual meeting on Tuesday, among the business to be transacted was the hearing of summonses taken out by the inspectors of the commissioners against Messrs. Stephens, Baker, Redden, and Boakes, the contractors for cleansing the streets of the City, for having neglected their duty in that respect on the occasion of the great snowstorm on the 11th of January. The wretched state of the streets was fully established, not only by the evidence of the inspectors but by the testimony of many of the commissioners themselves, and it was proved in several cases that there had been no endeavour made to remove the mass of snow and filth that had accumulated. The defence in all the cases was pretty much the same, namely, that the storm had come on so suddenly that the contractors were unable to obtain men to do what was required, and that all had been done that was practicable under the circumstances. The commissioners expressed their opinion that if the contractors had properly exerted themselves a very great portion of the inconvenience to which the public had been subjected might have been prevented, and they considered there had been a neglect of duty, for which they imposed a fine of £2 in the case of every street where that neglect had occurred. The total amount of the fines thus levied was £200.

DESTRUCTION OF TELEGRAPH WIRES.

The snowfall and accompanying high wind were especially destructive to the telegraphic wires. From the various accounts received of the extent of the damage done in the metropolis and its suburbs and in the provinces, we subjoin the following particulars:—Along the Brixton, Kennington, and Clapham roads the telegraph lines have been torn down. In Newington-butt one of the posts on the roof of a house, at the corner of Cross-street, was forced from its position, which was followed by the destruction of the post upon the Black Prince Tavern, Walworth-road. The weight of the entire length of wire was thereby thrown upon the massive standard supporting the wires at the Telegraph Station, London-road, which, with a loud crash, snapped, carrying away a portion of the roof. The wires, being thus freed, whirled about in all directions, coiling around the housetops, and carrying away chimneys and portions of brickwork, &c., but, fortunately, doing no personal injury, though many persons had narrow escapes. The posts on the housetops in the London, Blackfriars, and other roads and streets, were more or less broken or damaged. Telegraphic communication was almost entirely stopped. At Camberwell a wooden building, of upwards of 36 ft. in length, was all but demolished. At the time of its destruction a man named Charles Harris, a carpenter, was inside, at work, and was severely cut about the face and otherwise injured that he had to be taken to St. Thomas's Hospital. Owing to the weight of the snow, the trees in the grounds of St. Thomas's Hospital and other places were much injured. One of the broken telegraph wires caught a man round the waist in Walworth, and dragged him into the Grand Surrey Canal, but he was fortunately extricated in time to save his life. On the different lines of railway leading into and out of the metropolis the snow had such a blinding effect upon the firemen and drivers that they could scarcely distinguish the signal-posts, and in many places fog signals were used.

The line between Dulwich and Sydenham-hill—the spot shown in our Engraving—presented a very singular appearance. The telegraph-posts assumed all angles except the right one: being quite unable to bear the great weight imposed upon them, they gave way, one after the other. Some were borne to the ground, while others were snapped completely in two, the wires dangling between them like long, pearly necklaces of pure ice as thick as a man's wrist, in the foreground, and in the distance looking like a frosted spider's web.

A great destruction of telegraph lines has taken place in the high lands through the counties of Devon and Cornwall in the late gales. After several minor accidents, a terrific gale that blew on Wednesday night week did great damage to the Electric and International Companies lines from Kingsbridge-road station, fifteen miles on the South Devon Railway; from Plymouth to Hemerdon, a distance of seven miles, the whole of the wires were brought down and the posts broken off. On the Launceston and Tavistock line, from Bickley tunnel to Launceston, a distance of twenty miles, the wires and posts shared the same fate. On the Cornwall line several miles of the telegraph are also broken down at intervals.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.—The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio died on Monday morning, at five o'clock. The following is a sketch of his career:—"Marquis Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio, born in Turin, in 1800, is the descendant of an ancient Piedmontese family. From his infancy he was of a proud and fiery spirit. At the age of fourteen he showed the door to his first master, an ecclesiastic, for venturing to treat him harshly. For this he was excommunicated, and it was a long time before he could make his peace with his family and the Church. He devoted himself with great ardour to music and painting, at a very early age, and in the latter branch of the arts specimens of his pencil are to be seen in the galleries of the Louvre and of Turin. In obedience to his father, he entered the military service as officer in the Piedmontese cavalry; but his heart was in the arts, and an illness, induced by severe study, caused him to leave the army. He studied in Rome for eight years as an artist. He returned to Turin in 1829. The year following he went to Milan, where painting was in a flourishing state, and here he became acquainted with Manzoni, and married his daughter. It was under the influence of Manzoni that Azeglio devoted himself to literature, and produced his story of 'Ettore Fieramosca' (1833), a work inspired by the purest patriotism, and which was hailed in Italy with great enthusiasm. A second novel, 'Nicolo di Lepi' (1841), had an equal success. From this time M. d'Azeglio was regarded as one of the first representatives of Italian nationality; and, deserting his favourite studies, he became an active propagandist of the political views which led to the revolution of 1848, but never was a member of any conspiracy. When the insurrections of Rimini and the Romagna broke out he published his celebrated work, 'The Last Events in the Romagna,' wherein, while blaming the insurrection, he attacked the government of the Pope and demonstrated the necessity of a national policy. After the revolution of 1848 he supported measures relating to the freedom of the press, the reform of the Papacy, emancipation of the Jews, &c. Under Victor Emmanuel II. he was named President of the Council of Ministers, 11th of May, 1849. In 1852 he was replaced by his rival, Cavour, and has since taken no active part in politics."

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

The ladies are very early with their exhibition this year, and open it in new quarters. We are not altogether certain whether these alterations of time and place are improvements. The weather is a little discouraging as yet to visitors, and, indeed, was so inclement on Saturday last, the private-view day, that the gallery was by no means so crowded as we have seen it; and, although that is a thing for which the critic may be grateful, it must have been a little depressing to those energetic ladies who do all the real hard work of the society.

The gallery of the Architectural Exhibition in Conduit-street, whither the ladies have transferred their exhibition from a small but well-lighted room in Pall-mall, is well adapted for the purpose, as was proved when the very large collection of David Roberts's pictures was on view here last year. But the ladies would have done well to select a smaller field for their display. With so many feet of wall to cover, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they have admitted so many very inferior works that the exhibition, as a whole, falls far behind that of last year, which was a marked advance on previous exhibitions. It is consoling, however, to perceive that the artists who did so much to raise the character of the exhibition last year still belong to the society, and are for the most part exhibitors this year also, the falling off in the collection as a whole being rather due to the swamping of good pictures by a superabundance of mediocre and bad ones, than to their absence. We fear the ladies may think this severe, but it is meant in the very best spirit. We were so satisfied with the progress and promise of last year, and so disappointed with the present exhibition, that we have given our best attention to the subject, in the hope of discovering where the evil lies and what the remedy must be. If the society is to take a place permanently among our institutions, and to be really useful to female artists, the kind of thing the critic can do is to point out to the best of his ability how that end may be obtained. We should recommend the committee to moderate the ambition of the members to cover a large space. A few really good pictures will attract lovers of art; but if they have to be sought out from a host of inferior works, the labour wears the most enthusiastic, and the result is that visitors are not attracted but repelled.

Another thing which the committee should do is, when they have taken a smaller gallery, to elect a rigorous and vigorous hanging committee; or, if any fear of discord or jealousy is perceived in this, should invite a few artists, or even amateurs, to undertake the selection. We do not doubt that they would accept the office at once, and be glad of the opportunity to further the interests of the society. Finally, the committee should use every effort to prevail on the first female artists of the day to become members and exhibitors. Mrs. Ward, Miss Ellen Edwards, Miss Mutrie—these are a few names which suggest themselves and which ought to appear on the books of the society. The Misses Claxton are apparently members, but exhibit such very small and slight sketches as to be of little service in raising the character of the exhibition. It is not difficult to understand why they have not contributed more, but we trust by another year the exhibition will be so improved as to be both honourable and profitable to all who contribute.

The gallery contains both oil paintings and water-colour drawings, and is further enriched by sculpture, all of which is modelled by the members of one gifted family. "Ophelia at the Brook" (400), by Miss Alice Thornycroft, is a really charming design.

The water colours are far more numerous than the oil paintings, and, as a whole, are decidedly better. There appears to be something in the latter medium which ladies cannot master very easily, for very few indeed seem to have got beyond the rudiments as yet.

Among the water colours we are inclined to think that the still-life studies and flower-paintings collectively carry off the palm of excellence. Some "Flowers from Nature" (379, 381), by Lady Fox, are remarkably true and good. "Fruit and Flowers" (94, 100), by Miss Emma Walter, are also clever; and Mrs. Harrison's "Chrysanthemums" (87) deserve a word of praise. In landscape we have "The Bay of Algiers" (39), by Lady Dunbar; "Carnac, Brittany" (43), by Mme. Bodichon; a sunny sketch "at Bexhill" (6), by Miss Sanworth; "On the West Lyn" (7), by Mrs. Roe Lock; an "Old House at Mapledurham" (76), by Miss Warren; and "The Palace of Belisarius" (87), by the same artist—all really clever works. The Misses Rayner contribute views of old architecture painted with all the skill and care which distinguish the pictures of this talented trio. Miss H. A. Seymour sends two bold and happy sea-side sketches—"Fog and Rain Effect" (49) and "An Old Craft Under Repair" (53), which are remarkable for good drawing and breadth of colouring. Some "Cedars at Ankerwyche Priory" (125), by Mrs. Marable, must not be overlooked. Of the figure-subjects those chiefly noticeable are Miss Adelaide Burgess's "Our Lady of Hawthorn" (31), "Study of a Head" (40), by Miss Martin; "A Tyrolean Girl" (65), by Miss Beresford; "Children of the Campagna" (77), by Miss Bouvier; a lovely little head, "Wilhelmine" (267), by Miss Partridge; and the "Professions" (340) and "Sketches" (365), by, respectively, Miss Adelaide and Miss Florence Claxton. A pastel study of a "Donkey" (235), by Mrs. Newcomen, is one of the boldest and best pieces of work on the walls.

Among the oil pictures Miss Kate Swift's two paintings take the first rank easily. "The Sister's Lesson" (232) and "Train up a child in the way it should go" (247) are both marked with the same excellences as may be found always in Miss Swift's pictures—the same felicity of expression and grace of composition; but we could wish her a little more warmth and purity of colour. Mrs. Robertson Blaine's two views, "The Jungfrau" (200) and "Tombs near Cairo" (242), are foremost among the landscapes. Those who claim mention after these ladies toil a long way behind their performances. Miss Emma Brownlow has some clever expression in the faces in the "Ghost Story" (166), but the handling is very weak. Mrs. Herring's "Homestead" (230) is a clever little bit of farmyard life, such as the *habitus* of galleries will at once associate with the name of Herring. "A Snipe" (260), by Mrs. Dundas, and "Desolation" (263), by Gena Franco, must also have a word in passing. Screen 4 also, containing three pictures by Miss Ashwell, should not be overlooked. Beyond these there is little worthy of remark; much that might be censured. We hope that next year the committee will have taken some active steps to improve the character of the exhibition, for the society is an excellent one, and well deserving support and success, both of which, we trust, it will endeavour to secure by wiser self-government.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has conferred upon King Victor Emmanuel the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle.

INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—It is intended to hold in London, towards the end of May in the present year, an International Horticultural Exhibition and Botanical Congress, and an executive committee has for some time past been engaged in making the necessary arrangements. The show is to be under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and already the list of supporters is sufficiently extensive to give promise of success. The means by which the scheme is to be carried out consists of voluntary subscriptions, carrying certain privileges; but, although a good share of support has been promised, the committee will need a considerable addition to the present subscription list to enable the scheme to be carried out in a manner worthy of the position of England among the nations of Europe, representatives of which will be invited to take part in the proceedings in the same manner as at the exhibitions held from time to time on the Continent, and which have suggested the present movement. Her Majesty's Government have given permission for the exhibition to take place on the site of the Exhibition of 1862, where a space of three acres will be covered in, and laid out as an ornamental garden for the purpose; and arrangements have been made with the Royal Horticultural Society securing free access to their gardens to the visitors to the show. The prices list amounts to about £2500 for plants, flowers, fruit, &c.; and the Society of Arts add £50 for certain specified implements. We are informed that the congress will be presided over by M. de Candolle, a botanist of world-wide reputation, who is expected to deliver an inaugural address. Similar meetings are promised for 1867 in Paris, and for 1869 in St. Petersburg. Those which immediately suggested the London meeting were held at Brussels in 1864, and at Amsterdam in 1865.

Literature.

A Walk from London to the Land's End and Back, with Notes by the Way. With Illustrations. By ELIHU BURRITT. London: Sampson Low and Co.

There is a large class amongst book-devourers who think it very clever never to read prefaces. They dash into the book at once, like a hasty visitor to a house who does not stay to draw auguries from the expression of the hall porter. Such hasty readers will probably make a mistake with Mr. Elihu Burritt; for his preface is absolutely essential to a proper understanding of his volume. The keynote of the book is this:—"Notice that the author, on both of the Walks, has looked about him with an American eye and addressed his observations to American readers." Therefore, if one half of these pages should strike Englishmen as being commonplace A B C work, merely describing what everybody has seen and knows, they must turn to the preface and reflect on the millions across the Atlantic who have no more seen the dome of St. Paul's than they have plucked tiger-lilies in the hanging gardens of Babylon. However, it is not impossible that the greater part of the travels before us may prove new enough to thousands of readers even in this age of railway madness, for things which lie under the nose are always escaping the range of the eye; and foreigners—excepting brilliant Frenchmen of the Assolant and Texier type—generally see very fairly, and write good guide-books to England for the English people.

This is a book about places, rather than about people. Indeed, the human being, as he lives and moves, is but little touched, although the great names of history are always warmly associated with their localities. Perhaps in that matter Mr. Burritt is like all Americans, for he can always dwell with Hampden on the field and Sidney on the scaffold to any extent, and other worthies in other ways claim even more admiration. This is all part and parcel of that Transatlantic logic, which we find so difficult to understand and so easy to laugh at, which led a New Yorker lately to claim Shakespeare for an American. But the spirit in which Mr. Burritt writes is widely different to that of any of his countrymen who have favoured us with their criticism since Washington Irving. No comparison is here intended—far from it; it is simply a recognition of the difference which exists between such books, say, as the one before us and the "Our Old Home" of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mr. Burritt takes his tone from the matchless scenery of England, from her grandeur and her simplicity. Some time since his former volume, "A Walk from London to John O' Groat's," was duly attended to in these columns, and the present may be considered as a companion work. Together they form an almost complete account of England, especially in relation to her industries; and whilst considerable attention is paid to agricultural matters, affairs public and domestic are described in a pleasing and impartial manner. Mr. Burritt talks to the workpeople, and understands them; pities the sorrows of the many underpaid, but actually thinks the British field-labourer, even in Dorsetshire, is not only worthy of his hire, but that he gets it. He is fond of cathedrals, where, of course, we need not follow him; and, indeed, he seems to take as much pride in the country as anyone who is fond of "my own, my native land." But he objects to American plants being imported and called by English-Latin names, such as the *Victoria Regina* (sic) and *Wellingtonia Gigantica*; and is afraid that some day we may get a foreign daisy and call it the *Alexandra Melitissa*. Three days spent with Mr. Edward Capern, the Devonshire poet and postman, describe a charming scene of honest life, in strong contrast with Oxford, which follows close upon it, in a hasty return home. Mr. Burritt glories in the Legislature which decrees that every publisher shall send a copy of each of his books to Oxford and the British Museum. He seems to be unaware that there is a similar law for Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

Constitutionalism of the Future; or Parliament the Mirror of the Nation. By JAMES LORIMER, Regius Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh. Author of "Political Progress not Necessarily Democratic," &c. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

The second title of this book explains the theory of it; or if anything else were wanting for that purpose, that something would be found in the motto quoted from Earl Russell's well-known treatise, "The grand principle of all is, that the representative body should be the image of the represented."

It is rarely indeed that, quite apart from our own opinions and likings, we have such unmixt pleasure in commending a book to the attention of the very best class of readers as we have in this case. Mr. Lorimer dedicates his book to Mr. Mill in words which are well worth quoting for the sake of the passage which we italicise, even if they did not (as, however, they do) shed light upon the author's general design.

Dear Sir,—I doubt whether any man ever is wholly emancipated from the traditions of his youth, and I am very sure that neither you or I would wish to be so. To many of us (as you have yourself observed) the symbols of our respective parties appear less significant than we once considered them; but in so far as they signify anything that does not admit of being merged in a wider faith, our allegiance to them is not shaken, and to this extent you are still a Liberal and I am still a Conservative. Such being the relation in which we stand to each other, it is, I think, a happy omen for the success of the great work of conciliation in which you are about to engage, that I can approach you, not as a philosophical disciple, but as a political adherent, and beg your acceptance of this small tribute of my admiration, and token of my confidence.

The plan of the volume is simply this:—"The Decade of Doubt" being reviewed, the "Political Question" is restated; the answers of the Whig, the Tory, and the Radical are presented in order, and then the answer of the Constitutionalist. The principle of his answer is to be gathered at a glance from the following sentence in the closing chapter:—

THE FACT AND THE ABSTRACTION RECONCILED.

Negro suffrage is commonly regarded in this country as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the claim for an unlimited extension of political power. But even negro suffrage ceases to be an outrage on justice and common-sense, if the negro's claim for equality of *jure* be urged only up to the point at which his equality of *fact* may be established, now or hereafter, by the ordinary tests which are applied to the other members of the community to which he belongs.

We cannot here go into detail, but we will endeavour to stimulate the interest of the thoughtful reader by a hint or two from Mr. Lorimer's "Illustrations." Mere Citizenship—without disqualification—is to confer one vote only. Then there is a graduated scale of capacity, of which the following is

THE VOTING MAXIMUM.

The maximum attainable would be—Citizenship, 1; age, 3; ex-M.F., 3; £10,000 a year, 10; University degree, 4; profession, 4; total, 25.

These are, of course, "fancy" figures—i.e., open to discussion; but the reader is now in possession of the principle of Constitutionalism; and, for the rest, we send him to Mr. Lorimer's most admirable book.

Pocahontas; or, the Founding of Virginia. A Poem. In Three Cantos. By the Rev. O. FRESCOTT HILLER, Author of "The Pleasures of Religion." London: Hatchard and Co.

Here is a book from America for the many readers who pride themselves upon being unable to read poetry; for in this "poem" they will find some highly respectable prose. Mr. R. H. Horne once showed how well many passages from Mr. Dickens's writings would fall into verse, and Byron did much in that way in the shipwreck canto of "Don Juan." But Mr. Hiller's volume reverses the idea. His poetry falls into most absolute prose, and everywhere the language is commonplace and the expressions slang. As for ideas, there are none, the well-worn story of Captain Smith and the Indian girl being just told off in something intended to be Spenserian stanza. A splendid specimen of Mr. Hiller's style occurs with the tenth stanza:—

But now a third adventurous spirit see.
The hero of the band. To tell his name
I really dare not here in poetry;
'Twill not endure it, damsel would exclaim.
So I shall call him VICTOR, *nom de guerre*;
And when you've heard the story of his fame
And daring deeds in countries far and near,
I'm sure you will pronounce the titled earned and fair.

And so poor Captain Smith is called Victor all through the book, until, at the close, we find the following:—

"My gentle lady," Smith began (his name
Here, at the end, may for this once be heard).

However, Pocahontas is called by her name, even after she has been christened Rebecca, because she is known and loved by that name:—

For this young Indian girl, in forests grown,
Has won a nation's fondness and world-wide renown.

There are a hundred pages of this stuff—a fine chance for piratical English publishers who prey upon American literature.

Charity Helstone. A Tale. By Mrs. CARRY BROCK, Author of "Sunday Echoes in Week-day Hours," &c. London: Seeley and Co.

The inscription of "third thousand" on the titlepage of "Charity Helstone" attests to a success which renders much present commentary unnecessary. It is a story which is addressed rather more to young-lady readers than to others. Many of the earlier chapters are devoted to school-girl life, but the ordinary follies are avoided, and all is very serious and strict throughout. A certain element which may be described as religious pervades every page, and suggests how possible it is to have "too much of a good thing," although it seems very hard to make so ungracious a remark. The story is of an adopted child, a nameless one, who is never told the truth about her position in the world; and, as others are told of it, she suffers very much contumely. We doubt the wisdom and morality of the kind lady who adopts little Charity Helstone, and the good clergyman who encourages the deception. For the rest, the story has interest and power, and some of the characters stand out lifelike and distinct. However, for the fourth thousand, when that is wanted, it would be advisable to cut down garrulous old Babsy, the faithful servant, to about one tenth of her present dimensions.

The Princess. A Medley. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. With Twenty-six Illustrations from Designs by Daniel MacIse, R.A. London: Edward Moxon and Co.

This book is in every respect a gem. The poetry of course is good; everybody knows that. Mr. MacIse's designs are admirable; they have been beautifully engraved by Messrs. Dalziel, Green, Thomas, and E. Williams; and the whole has been most carefully printed by Woodfall and Kinder. When we add that the binding is tasteful and elegant, we have said enough to warrant the assertion, which we unhesitatingly make, that a more handsome volume, or one that will better grace the parlour or drawing-room table, has not been produced this season. It is indeed altogether a thing of beauty, and must be a joy for ever to all who are lucky enough to possess it.

The Frog's Parish Clerk, and his Adventures in Strange Lands. A Tale for Young Folk. By THOMAS ARCHER, Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

This book has reached us a little too late. It should have been published in time for the "Christmas present" season. If it had been out then, it would certainly have had a large sale, for it is, beyond question, one of the best books for young folk that we have seen. It is full of drollery and whimsicality, and is sure to call forth peals of laughter in every juvenile circle. The book tells the story of a certain Rana the Froglander, who was a parish clerk in Batrachia, who loved Sauriana, the mayor's daughter, and went awooing and met with some queer customers and odd adventures in the course of his expedition. We ought to mention that Rana the Froglander was a great musician, or was thought to be so, and in that capacity did some very remarkable things. One of the best chapters in the book is the one in which is detailed "How Rana heard that the Batrachians wanted a King: The True Story of King Log and King Stork, with some private particulars of what really did happen." There are eighteen illustrations sprinkled through the volume, all of which are admirable in their fantastical absurdity; and, altogether, we congratulate Mr. Archer and his artistic collaborator on having produced one of the most mirth-provoking stories ever printed. That last word, by-the-by, reminds us that we ought to mention that the book is beautifully printed on toned paper and very prettily bound.

Twelve Lectures to Working Men. By HUGH STOWELL BROWN. London: F. Pitman.

As this is the second edition of Mr. Stowell Brown's "Lectures to Working Men," we presume that they have already had something of a circulation. We cannot say, however, that we very much admire this lecturing of working men, and rather think that working men don't much admire it either; but we may be mistaken. The sale of a book of this sort is the true test of its acceptability, and upon that point the publisher can best speak. The subjects of the lectures are in no way novel. "Poor Richard's Almanack," "Napoleon's Book of Fate," "Cleanliness next Godliness," "Taking Care of Number One," "Turning Over a New Leaf," "The Seventh Commandment," and so forth, are themes which can hardly admit of much originality of treatment, one would think. But here they are all dealt with at considerable length, and those working men who like the lectures may extract what edification from them they can.

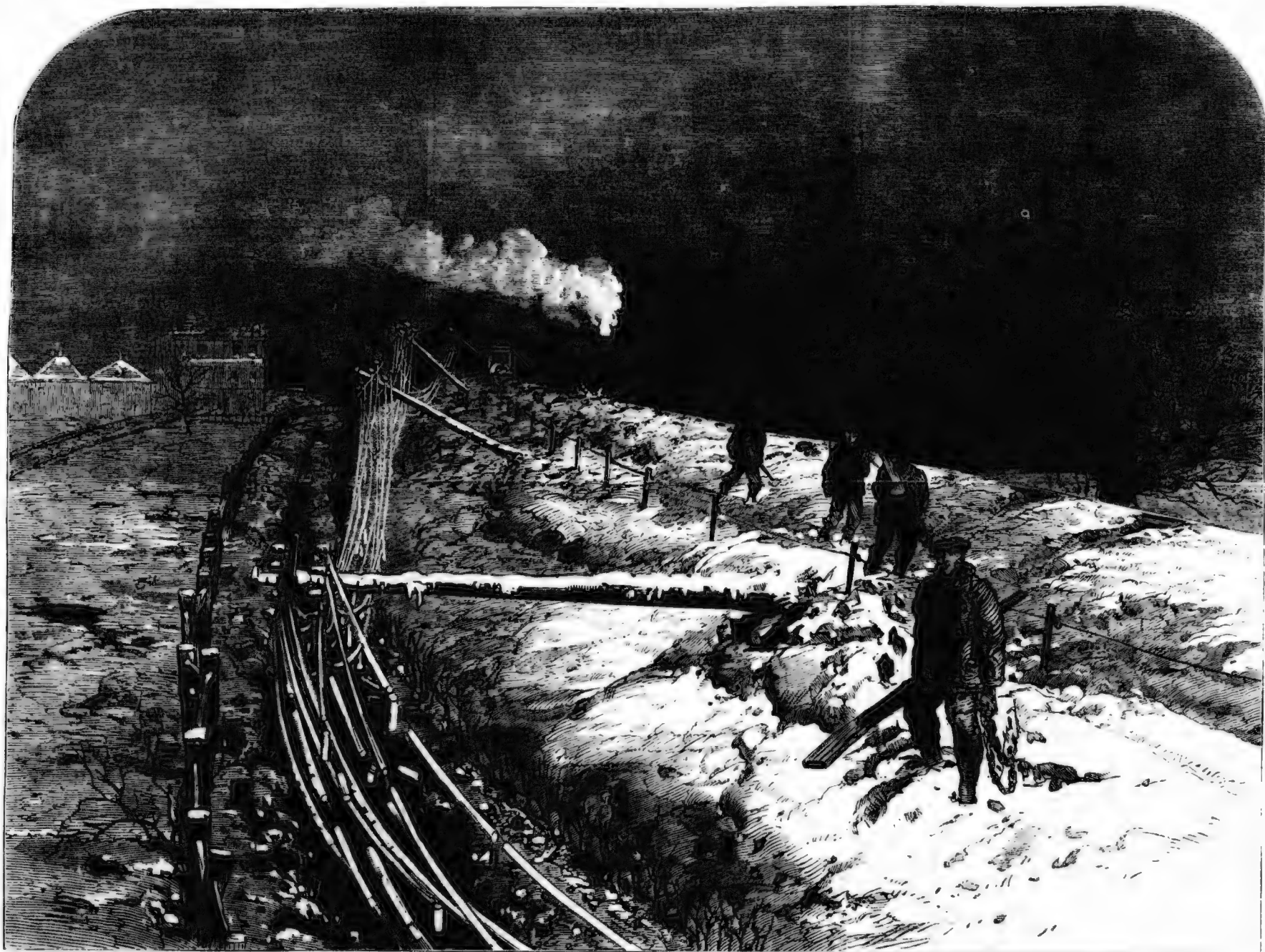
Harry Lawton's Adventures; or, a Young Sailor's Wanderings in Many Lands. With Numerous Illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

"Harry Lawton's Adventures" is both a handsome and an interesting book. The "Young Sailor" takes a fancy for the sea, quarrels with his father on the subject, and decides on going off. He visits Borneo, China, the Isle of Bourbon, Rio Janeiro, Pernambuco, Mexico, and other places; and meets with numerous adventures and sees strange sights in each, all of which he describes well and illustrates beautifully. Of course he does not meet with all his adventures in the course of one voyage. He visits home at intervals, and ultimately, his years of wandering past, settles down as a farmer at his natal place. The book is full of vivid description, and will be sure to interest aspiring youths, and perhaps incite them to emulate the career of the author.

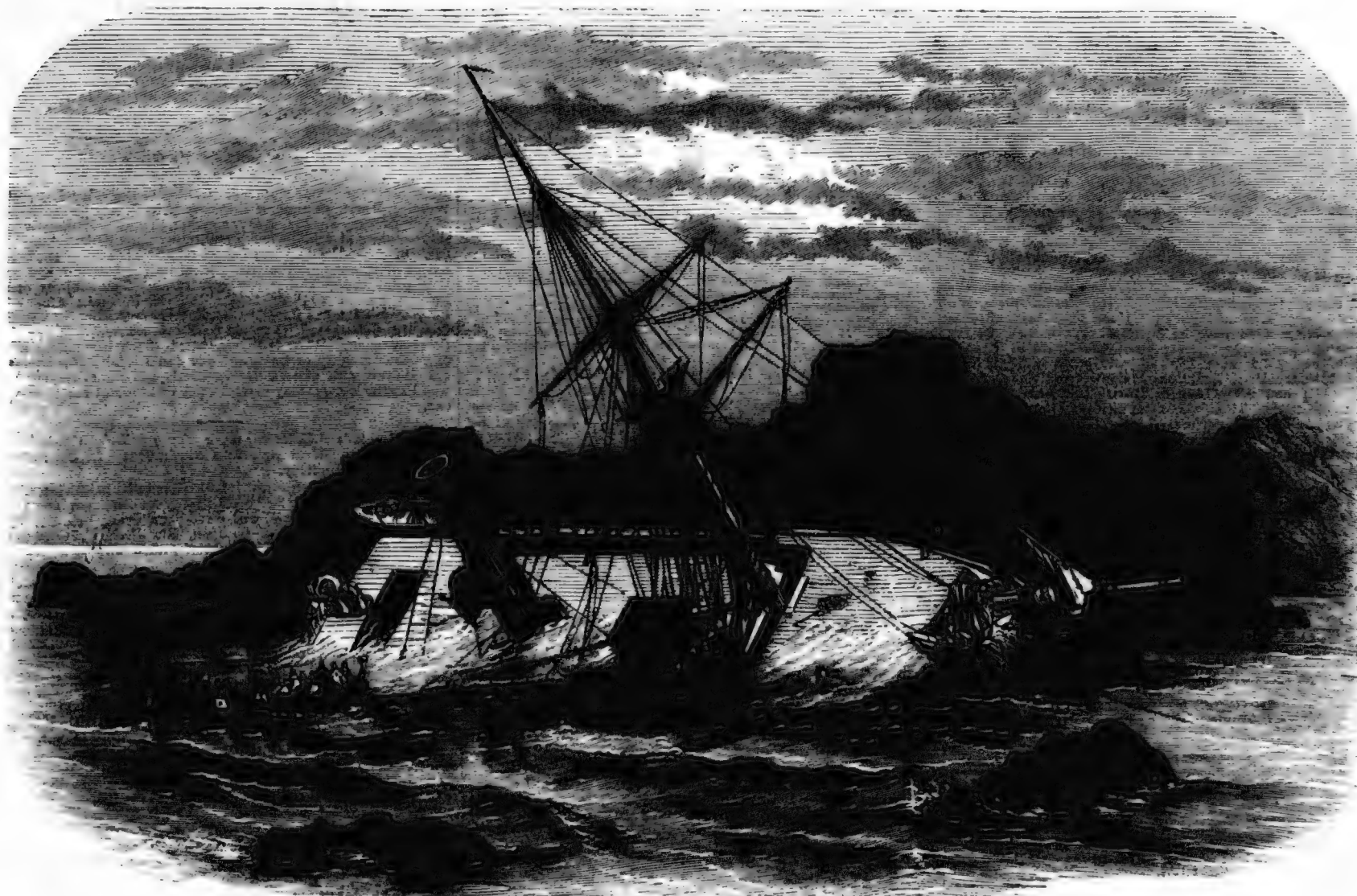
Beeton's Book of Acting Charades. With Plays for Children and a Classical Extravaganza. London: S. O. Beeton.

We suppose the season for Christmas parties is over by this time, or nearly so; but if any festive gatherings have still to come off, and their promoters wish to produce effects not yet exhibited on a private stage, we would advise them to obtain "Beeton's Book of Acting Charades;" for there they will find everything they want. The plays for children will come in well at the Easter holidays, to which, we dare say, children at school are beginning to look forward already.

THE PRICE OF NATIVE OYSTERS.—During the last thirty years the price of native oysters (Whitebait) has more than quadrupled, if we accept the present value of the desiderated bivalve as a criterion. In 1825 the average price per bushel was 19s.; from that year till 1840-41, with trifling variations, the value consistently rose to £2 2s. the bushel. Only three times has it fallen to so low an average since. In the next four years oysters were very dear. In 1842-3 the price rose to £2 10s.; the next year to £2 18s.; and in 1844-5 to £3. They fell to £2 18s. in the succeeding season. These were the highest prices until very recently. From 1857 till the season 1861-2 the bushel was steadily quoted at £2 2s. In the succeeding year the value was £2 8s.; in the next season it rose to £3 8s.; and during 1864-5 it has been £4 to £4 10s.



DESTRUCTION OF TELEGRAPH-WIRES NEAR SYDENHAM.



WRECK OF THE BORYSTHENE ON PLANE ISLAND — (FROM A SKETCH BY M. V. FARSET.)

STATIONS ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA AND CHINA.

THE WAY TO INDIA.

It is believed by some eminent engineers that the journey to India will be so shortened as to bring our vast Hindoo empire within a fortnight's journey from London by a connected series of railways from the various points which lie in the immediate route, one line spanning the desert region, which has always proved such an obstacle to rapid communication. This, however, is at present but a matter of scientific speculation; for, although few doubts are entertained of the possibility of making a fortnight's journey to India, it is doubtful whether the scheme would succeed as a commercial investment. The Suez Canal lay under the same difficulty; and, though it has been proceeded with, and the greater part of the engineering difficulties are said to be overcome, it has yet to surmount those, perhaps, more formidable obstacles which lie in the way of pecuniary advantage. There is no doubt of the courage and enterprise which has persevered in this gigantic work against such adverse circumstances; and, though the late and the present Viceroys of Egypt have occasionally granted assistance, it has often seemed as though the scheme must be abandoned from the vicissitudes which have bestrid the directors of the work.

Our readers will remember that the attempt of the Suez Canal Company to find labourers for their work from the pilgrims who annually leave Morocco for Mecca is said to have been a failure. By offering a free passage and facilities for reaching Mecca, in ex-

change for a year's labour at fair wages at the canal, it was supposed that the honours of the Mecca pilgrimage would be placed within reach of those who were too poor to undertake the pilgrimage upon their own means. But the expectation that they would gladly avail themselves of the offer was disappointed. We were told that the Moors were possessed by the singular notion that the waters of the Red Sea would sweep over the canal and drown all those engaged in the work. This idea, one would think, must have sprung from the tradition of the destruction of Pharaoh's host, the memory of which would be kept alive among the masses in Morocco by

sular and Oriental Company. At length, however, it has reached the dignity of a city, and will soon assume still greater importance in connection with the Suez Canal scheme. Four great companies have already constructed workshops there, and one of them, the Egyptian company, the *Asiatic*, formed for working the commerce of the Red Sea, has its principal establishment at Suez. Numerous houses are being erected to supply the wants of the population of merchants, assistants, and workmen of all countries. It is easy to foresee, however, that the future city will not be built on the present site. A bank, which becomes dry

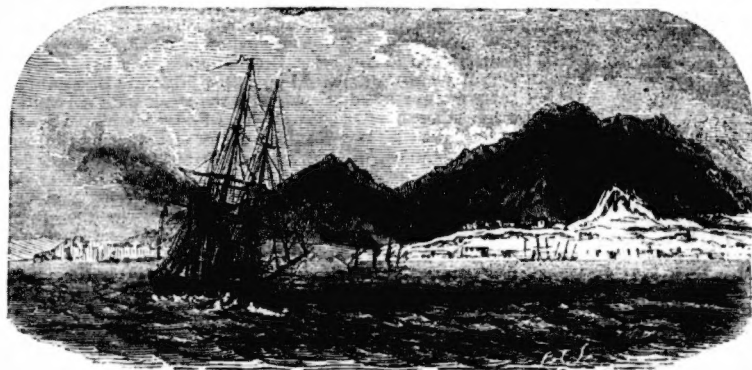
the Hebrew portion of the Sultan's subjects.

The work has, however, gone on towards completion, so that the messageries of the French will by-and-by be engaged in the transport, until now engrossed by our Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels.

So many descriptions of the so-called overland journey have been written, that our readers must be tolerably acquainted with its dangers and difficulties, or rather its pains and penalties; but we this week publish Engravings of those stations which are likely to acquire increased interest from the completion of the Suez Canal. We have already given some description of Suez in these columns. This town, situated almost in the midst of a desert, seventy-six miles from Cairo, miserably built, and suffering from want of water, has till lately been of importance only from its good harbour and roadstead, which made it an admirable station for the steamers of the Penin-



SINGAPORE.



ADEN.

at low water, extends for a mile and a quarter opposite Suez, and at the extremity of this bank the maritime canal will empty itself; and here also the Messageries Company will build its basin for the repair of its vessels. A jetty which is finished will soon bring the basin into communication with the Cairo railway by means of a tramway. All these works constitute the nucleus of a new city which will be established on the bank itself, and, thanks to the development of the shore, under circumstances favourable to commercial interests. The portion of the fresh-water canal which the Universal Company had to construct is terminated. Its speedy

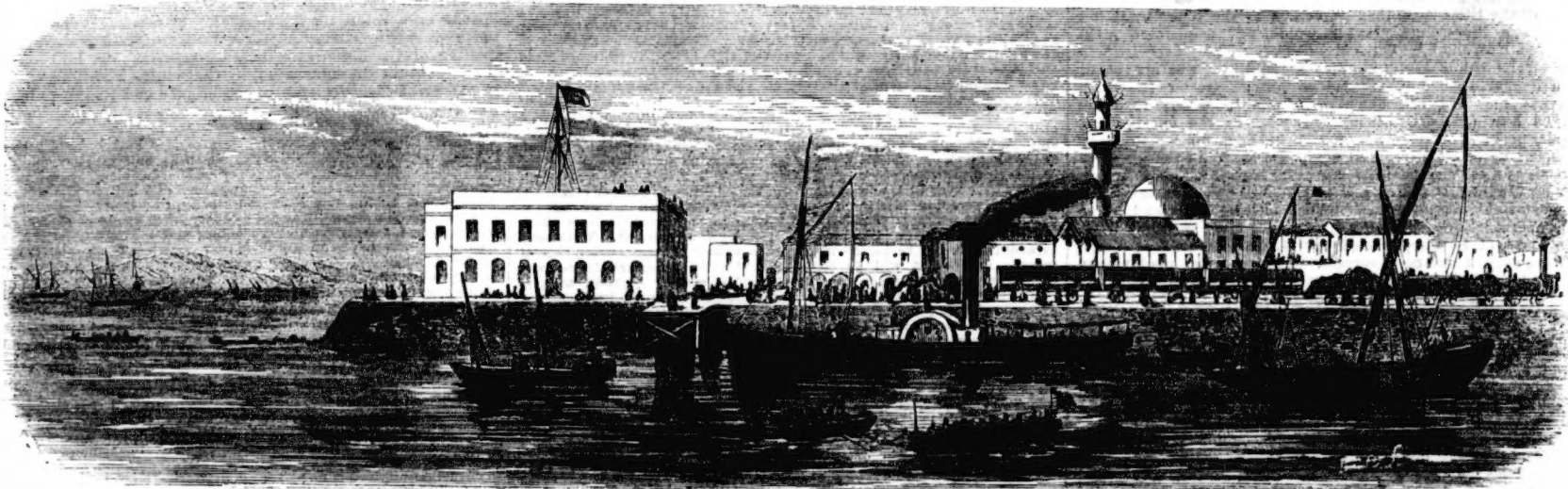
completion allows merchandise to be conveyed by the canal from Port Said to Suez in vessels of a light draught of water. A large workshop has been established in the midst of the sands, and surrounded by workmen's houses for both Europeans and Arabs. Fresh water is conducted to the workshops and into the city by pipes a mile and a quarter in length, and in a short space of time fountains will supply every person with all the water he may need, to the great astonishment of the Arab population.

Perim, the barren rocky island in the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, eading from the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean, is a fortification

which affords good shelter from the southern winds. Here the English have erected a lighthouse, since it is the half-way house to Aden, which is the key of the Red Sea, and whence a line of steamers go direct to Bombay. We have already given some particulars of this strange fortified town, protected by its vast walls of black bare rock, and standing in the old crater of a volcanic mound, and need not repeat its history. At Point de Galle, which is the low rocky point of the extremity of the island of Ceylon, the French have their depot of coal, by a recent concession, and it is thought that further accommodation will be secured at



POINTE DE GALLE.



LANDING-PLACE AT SUEZ.

other places by the Messageries Impériales. Point de Galle is also the rendezvous of the three services of the Peninsular and Oriental Company—namely, those plying to Bombay, to Calcutta, and to Singapore. The place is occupied by an old fort of a mile in circuit, and forms the south side of a bay, with an outer roadstead and an inner harbour, safe at all seasons, with 5 to 5½ fathoms of water. Wooded hills form a fine background to the fort and to the town of Galle.

Before arriving at Singapore the route lies by the island of Paulo-Pinang, in the Malacca Strait, one of the most agreeable resting-places of the journey, since its climate is salubrious and the manners of the inhabitants are tolerably agreeable. Off the southern extremity of the peninsula of Malacca lies the island of Singapore, separated from the former place only by a narrow strait. This British possession, twenty-six miles long and thirteen broad, is a place of no little importance, not only on account of its crops of spices and sugar-cane and its trade in sago and native products, greatly increased since we purchased the island from the Sultan of Johore, in 1824, but because at the south-west part of its magnificent roadstead, protected from winds by neighbouring islands, are

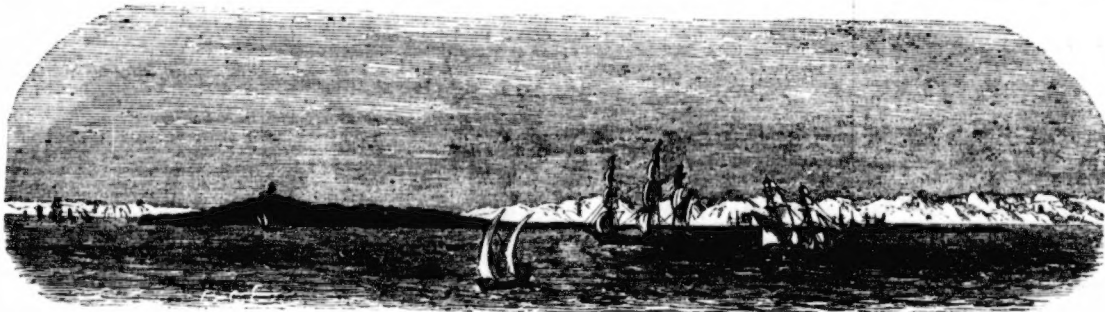
established the dockyards and coaling station of the Peninsular Company, where thousands of tons of fuel may be loaded. The docks, forges, and workshops connected with the steamers and the mercantile marine give employment to a population of various races and colours, comprising numbers of Hindoos, Malays, and Chinese.

WRECK OF THE BORYSTHENES.

DAY after day we see one melancholy column in our newspapers recording the particulars of the vessels wrecked and the lives lost in

the gales that rage round our coasts; but at all times, and in latitudes where soft winds would seem always ready to waft the ship to a happy haven, there are dangers of the sea so sudden and unexpected as almost to paralyse effort and confound all calculations. Our Engraving represents an event which has created a very considerable amount of interest in France—the loss of the mail-boat *Borysthènes*, just off Oran, while on a voyage to Algeria. The vessel left Marseilles on the 13th of December, and was to make the direct passage without calling at any other port on the voyage. Notwithstanding an adverse wind, the *Borysthènes* proceeded at the rate of nine knots and a half from Marseilles towards Cape Antonio.

During the whole voyage the wind blew strongly from the N., the N.N.E., and sometimes from the N.N.W., with a heavy sea running, a dark sky overhead, and frequent hail. The route was clear as far as the Cape, however, and the beacon light could be seen at a great distance. In spite of the fears of the captain, the vessel was not turned out of its course by cross-currents, and the line laid down on the map had been almost mathematically followed. The same route was kept which had been adopted by the commander and his predecessors on previous voyages, and the



EAST COAST OF PERIM.

distance from the point at which the vessel lay from the light—the distance to Mers-el-Kebir—was accurately known. The Borysthènes was eventually five degrees out of her course in consequence of the heavy weather and the cross-currents, and the commander believed he saw the light of Mers-el-Kebir as seen on the starboard side. Such was the position of the vessel according to all the calculations made by the captain, but he expressed his determination to wait for daylight unless he was sure of having come in sight of the light at Mers-el-Kebir by ten o'clock. The first officer then went aloft, but could make nothing out, and he had hardly regained the deck before the black clouds opened, and those on deck could see land distinctly and quite close to the vessel, neither the officer nor the look-out man having been able to distinguish it before. The commander at once came on the starboard side and put down the helm hard, but it was too late. At a few minutes past ten the vessel ran aground, and measures were immediately taken to communicate with the land before she began to break up. The means for attempting to get the passengers on shore could not be completed until night was far advanced, and the safety of the whole crew greatly imperilled; as it was, there was great loss of life, the first officer himself being amongst the victims; and fifty-six souls, consisting of soldiers, seamen, and passengers, perished before they could be got off. The island of Plane, on which the Borysthènes was lost, is about seven leagues to the west of Oran, and about five miles from the coast. It is an arid rock, entirely without shelter, and the wreck was complete, cargo and despatches being entirely lost. Those who were saved were passed by means of a connecting rope to the shore, but their sufferings were terrible even after they reached the land. A boat was launched, but it was immediately broken to pieces, and a second light dingy shared the same fate, the sailors who manned both being swallowed in the waves. A sailor, named Leblanc, then fastened a cord round his waist and jumped overboard, to endeavour to reach the land and establish the frail bridge of rope which was to save the rest of the passengers. Five times did this brave fellow come back baffled by the waves, but at last he reached the rock, and succeeded in fixing the rope. At nine o'clock in the morning the survivors had all landed on the island, and some of the dead bodies had already been washed ashore. A fire was made of the broken timbers, and white handkerchiefs were waved in order to attract the attention of some vessel passing this peaked little rocky island. No water could be found and no provisions were obtained from the wreck, while the cold was intense to people who sat or lay in their wet clothes and many without shoes. At length, towards mid-day, the signals were perceived by a small Spanish vessel, which approached, and the crew threw to the sufferers a bag of biscuits, bread, and tobacco, and then made its way to Oran to summon assistance. A heavy rain began to fall, and, after placing the women and children in such sheltered situations as could be discovered, the soldiers giving their coats and capes to those who were only half dressed, the party passed the night on the rocks, and thus for two days they were exposed to the inclemency of the weather, with only rain water, caught in the hollows of the rocks, to drink. On the 17th (Sunday) five little Spanish vessels came and took off the entire party.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

It appears that we are to have a plentiful lack of novelties next season at both our Italian operas. The long promised "Forza del Destino," written by Verdi for St. Petersburg, is not thought good enough for Paris; and it is therefore not probable that any rash experiment will be made with it in London. The "Sicilian Vespers," by the same composer, did not prove very successful when the work was brought out under the auspices of Mr. E. T. Smith, during the temporary establishment of Italian opera at Drury Lane; but it had a great run when it was first played in Paris; and, for the sake of novelty, we should think, the public would go to hear it if it were produced in sufficiently magnificent style at the Covent Garden Opera. We are told, however, that the "Sicilian Vespers" will be allowed to sleep in peace, or, at least, without being disturbed by Mr. Gye. We suppose "Macbeth" would not be thought a very attractive opera to set before the British public? "Macbeth," however, is said to have been much liked at Dublin; and perhaps, for the fun of the thing, people would go to hear it in London, if Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson would give them the chance. We learn from a memoir of Verdi that when "Macbeth" was first produced at Florence (eighteen years ago) "the composer was called on more than thirty times at each of the first three representations. Excited crowds escorted him when he left the theatre; and the people of Florence, a people of nobles (what, by-the-way, does that mean, and what can that have to do with the matter?) presented him with a gold laurel-wreath, intertwined with a ribbon on which were inscribed all the titles, even then numerous, of the young maestro's operas." The Florentines, however, are not acquainted with Shakespeare's "Macbeth." Otherwise the scene in "Macbeth" in which the principal character inquires in recitative whether that is really a dagger that he sees before him; the air in which he laments his past life and the crimes to which ambition has urged him (the one sentimental piece in the opera); and above all, perhaps, the scene of the banquet, in which Lady Macbeth, in order to dispel dull care, and with it the ghost of Banquo, sings a conventional operatic drinking-song, would appear to them highly ludicrous. However, the English would probably like to see what Shakespeare's tragedy turned into a libretto and set to music by Verdi is like. Something new they must certainly have, and we know of no unperformed operas, except those of Verdi, which have even a chance of success. The fact is, so much money is now spent on the *mise en scène* of an opera that directors can only afford to bring out new ones at long intervals. Probably the management of the Royal Italian Opera thinks it did enough in the way of novelty by bringing out Meyerbeer's "Africaine" at the end of last season. We are only afraid that the attractiveness of this work has already been exhausted, considering how many times it was played in the autumn by the English Opera Company.

The eighth season of the Monday Popular Concerts was commenced on the 15th, when the programme was selected entirely from the works of Beethoven. The great instrumental pieces were the quartet in E flat (executed by MM. Straus, Ries, Webb, and Paque), and the "Serenade" in D major (MM. Straus, Webb, and Paque). A new pianist, Mr. Franklin Taylor, distinguished himself by his admirable performance of the sonata in D (No. 3); Mr. Sims Reeves, who was in unusually good voice, sang the "Leder-Kreis" and "Adelaide;" and the concert terminated with the sonata in A (duet), in which that excellent violinist Herr Straus and Mr. Franklin Taylor were heard together. It is announced that Herr Straus is engaged as principal violin for the first five concerts. Herr Joachim will appear on Feb. 12, and at every succeeding concert up to Easter. Signor Piatti will make his first appearance on Monday, Feb. 19, and continue to hold the post of principal violoncello till the end of the season. Mr. Charles Hallé will appear at the second and third (Jan. 22 and 29), and Madame Arabella Goddard at the fourth and fifth concerts (Feb. 5 and 12). Mr. Benedict will occupy the post of conductor on all occasions, as heretofore.

THE TREATMENT OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE.—The High Sheriff of Cheshire writes most hopefully regarding the success of vaccination for rinderpest. His own ten vaccinated cows are quite healthy, and he has not heard of one fatal case in the neighbourhood where vaccination had been successful. He adds:—"I have lately been trying an experiment which I am sure will possess deep interest with many of your readers. On Thursday morning last, the 11th, I had a thirteen months' old Alderney heifer, which had been most successfully vaccinated, turned into a kind of loose place, nine feet square, in which was one calf very ill from unmistakable rinderpest, and another calf which had just died from the effects of it. The dead calf was removed in about half an hour after my calf was put into the place. The sick calf died the following day. Since then two more calves ill from rinderpest have been placed with my calf, and have since died from the disease. My calf is as healthy and sharp as ever she was, notwithstanding she has been kept for five days and five nights in a most fetid atmosphere, and coming in immediate contact with these four dying and dead calves!"

AID TO DISCHARGED PRISONERS.

ON Monday, in the Mayor's Parlour, at the Townhall, Manchester, a public meeting was held, with a view of giving extended publicity and obtaining additional support to a society recently established in that city and neighbourhood for giving aid to discharged prisoners. The Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P., presided, and there were also present the Mayor of Manchester (W. Bowker, Esq.), Sir J. L. Bardsley, Mr. A. Milne (chairman of the Salford Hundred Quarter Sessions), Mr. J. T. Hibbert (chairman of the visiting justices of the New Bailey Prison), Rev. H. T. Elliott (Chaplain of the Birmingham Gaol), Rev. C. F. Bagshaw (Chaplain of the New Bailey), Rev. R. Tomlins (Chaplain of the City Gaol), Messrs. O. Heywood, J. Heron (town clerk), A. Aspland, R. Gladstone, Hugh Mason, H. C. Oats, J. B. Torr, Ernest Jones, T. Dickens, J. A. Bremner, Dr. J. Watts, Thomas Wright, and others. Lord Stanley, M.P., in opening the proceedings, said:—

We are met here, as you know, for the purpose of establishing a society which has for its object the giving of temporary aid to discharged prisoners, and assisting them, if willing, to find honest employment. I do not wish to encumber the few remarks I shall make with superfluous detail, and shall therefore only explain the grounds on which I think such a society may be usefully formed. We have in this country a large criminal class, which, though recruited from all districts, makes its home mostly in the great towns, where concealment is easiest and plunder most abundant. It is difficult, and for our purpose not material, to estimate the numbers of this class, for the figures which we have are vague, and, to some extent, conjectural; but we may safely assume that it is large, and, whether diminishing or not, that it will continue large for many years to come. Our late judicial statistics are not pleasant reading, and I recommend a study of them to those who may be inclined to take too rose-coloured a view of our actual civilisation. Since 1861 there has been a steady though slow increase of criminals; and though allowance must be made for an increasing population, and to some extent for the increased efficiency of the police, still it is certain that there has been, to put it in the mildest form, no considerable falling off in the amount of detected crime. Nor, I think, can we expect there should be, when we remember how vast a population still remains among us apart from and below all the influences of civilised life. No town has done more for its inhabitants, in many ways, than Manchester; but late inquiries have shown beyond dispute that in Manchester and Salford there are many thousand children (some say as many as 50,000), mostly of the lowest grade, neither at work nor at school. Of these we must expect a certain proportion to turn out badly; my only wonder is that there are not more. The empty schools, and the home which is no home, make the full gaol; and I speak from an experience of 1200 to 1500 cases, in which I, as a chairman of sessions, have had to pass sentence, when I say that the great majority of prisoners with whom I have had to do have been for all practical purposes untaught. It is quite the exception if you find one otherwise. That is, to my mind, rather a hopeful sign than otherwise. Things would be even more unsatisfactory if criminals as a rule were men or women who had had good chances in life and had voluntarily thrown them away. Now, an undertaking of this kind is often so much misrepresented that it is necessary to describe with some care what we really intend to do. I divide criminals into three classes. First, young boys and girls who are, or ought to be, provided for under the reformatory Acts, though in many cases magistrates do not seem to like to put those Acts in force, and they are sentenced to gaol, which is the very worst place for them; next, the old, habitual offenders, who have followed thieving as an occupation all their lives, and will probably do so to the end; and, thirdly, those who, though too old for reformatory schools, are young in vice, not hardened, and have rather yielded to sudden temptation than set themselves deliberately to live in defiance of the laws. Now, as to the second of these classes, the old, professional gaol bird, I say plainly, I think the less we have to do with them the better. It is, of course, not beyond possibility that such a one may really be tired of the life he is leading and wish to mend his ways. But the chance of sincerity in any particular case is infinitely small. There is a stage at which moral, like physical, diseases become incurable; and a man who has long made it his habit to deceive gaol authorities and chaplains by a show of amendment brings himself at last to that state that he hardly knows whether he is playing a part or not. This is the class which has brought discredit on all attempts at reclaiming prisoners. There is a story of one such character, an admirably conducted man in prison, who, by extra work, managed to lay by a respectable sum, which was duly paid him on his release, and which he proceeded to invest in a first-rate set of housebreaker's tools. It is not on a man of that kind that I should have any hope of operating. If one of these people, who are in and out of gaol half their lives, applies for help, I should say to him, "I am sorry for you; it is possible that you mean what you say, but we cannot help everybody; and such assistance we have to spare we shall reserve for those who have not as yet gone thoroughly to the bad." And that brings me to the question, who are the people whom you hope to save? I answer, the young, the weak, the ill-taught or untaught, the kind of man whose history is something as follows: He has a drunken father or mother, perhaps both; an uncomfortable home, no schooling; means, on the whole, to do well, if it is not too hard, but has not moral courage to stand out against temptation; gets into bad company, is drawn into a beshop, fired with drink, and induced to join in (what is represented to him as a spree) robbing a farmyard or, perhaps, breaking into a house; is caught, of course, while the older hands escape; confesses to the police, pleads guilty on his trial, takes his punishment, comes out ashamed to show his face, wants to get employment, finds himself badly looked upon, is taunted with having been in gaol, finds being respectable too great an effort to persevere in; so, goes thieving again, and, in the end, becomes one of the incorrigible class. Now, I say that is a kind of man who, if he is not likely even to do much good in the world, may be so far saved as that he shall do no harm. He comes out of gaol full of good intentions, and it very much depends on the company he gets into whether he comes to anything or not. Now, what do we propose to do with such a man? Mainly this, to get him a fresh start, away from his old associates. He will have a better chance anywhere than at home. If he can be emancipated, so much the better. There is not much inducement to dishonesty, and there is every inducement to labour, in the backwoods of Canada or Australia. But if that is impossible, removal to some other part of England is enough, provided you can secure the supervision of a respectable employer and the advantage that where he works nothing is known against him. Now, in this there is no petting, no pampering, no favour such as to discourage and disgust honest men. I may notice, in passing, that we have very little now to fear from the tendency to pamper criminals. It existed, no doubt, fifteen or twenty years ago, but it is a fashion that has gone out, and perhaps there is in some quarters an inclination to fall back too indiscriminately on mere pain and severity as a deterrent. The money expended need not be much—it is more a matter of organisation than of money. Part of it will be contributed by the prisoners themselves, for an act passed three years ago enables visiting justices to give to a society such as we propose, duly certified as approved by them, the disposal of such sums as the prisoner on discharge would be entitled to. And it is not the case that, by finding employment for an ex-prisoner, you are placing him in a better position than the honest labourer. The latter can help himself. There is no want of employment now in England. The object is simply to guard against the risk and temptation that attend a man turned out of gaol without a character, and with a pack of rascals about him who will try and get him back among them. And if it is objected, "Why, when there is so much misery and preventable misery among innocent people, do you concern yourself with criminals at all?" my answer is, "You may leave them alone; but they won't leave you alone." I do it not for their sakes, but for my own and that of the public. I do it on the same principle that would lead me to get a muckheap or a dead carcass carted away from before the door—because the thing is a nuisance if it stays there. The criminal, individually, is the least interesting of mankind; but the existence of a large criminal class among us is both a national disgrace and a heavy national loss. It has been calculated or conjectured that every habitual thief costs the public £300 a year; and, considering that stolen goods are sold at a fraction of their value, often destroyed, and the produce always wasted, I think that is a moderate estimate. You recollect the old saying about dirt being only matter in the wrong place—well, we want to deal with this barren dirt, to take it from where it is simply a nuisance and an offence, and to place it where it may become useful manure. This is not a new experiment; both in London and in Birmingham societies exist for the same purpose (not to mention smaller towns), and I am told that in both those places full two thirds of those assisted are known to be earning their living honestly, while the failure represents less than a third.

The meeting was also addressed by several other speakers.

CONFISCATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY IN POLAND.—The Russian Government have confiscated the entire property of the Roman Catholic Church in Poland. By virtue of an Imperial ukase, dated Dec. 26, 1865, and promulgated on Jan. 10, the landed estates and houses, as well as the ready capital, stocks, claims, and all the other belongings of the national ecclesiastical establishment of Poland, have been seized and appropriated by the Czar. The funds and other capital thus appropriated before the last rebellion amounted to 2,573,613 roubles; the value of the land, &c., may be estimated at about six times as much. To make up for this sequestration on a grand scale, the Government, who, as an indemnity for former appropriations of the same kind, previously contributed about a third of the Church expenditure, now undertake to provide the whole salary of the priests, as well as sundry other items of the current ecclesiastical costs. In the ukase enacting this sweeping measure the new annual budget of the Polish Church is fixed at 790,000 roubles, a sum which, together with some others provided by the Government, amounts to rather more than the money hitherto applied to the same purposes.

LONDON FIRES.

A REPORT by Captain Staw, the chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, for the year just expired, furnishes some insight into the extent to which their services have been in requisition, and the peril from fire to which the property and lives of the inhabitants of a great city like this are always more or less exposed. The fires of last year, compared with those of the preceding one, show an increase on the whole of fifteen, and, compared with the average of the last thirty-two years, an increase of more than 640. During the year the brigade were called into action 1727 times in all. Of these, ninety-nine were false alarms; 126 proved only to be alarms of chimney on fire. There were 1502 fires, of which 512 resulted in serious damage, and 990 in slight damage. These figures do not include trifling damage by fire, not sufficiently important to require the attendance of firemen, nor the ordinary calls for chimneys on fire. The number of casualties (forty-six) exceeds that of the previous year. This is partly accounted for by the increase in the number of fires, but is in a great measure attributed to the fearlessness and enterprise of the men in the discharge of their duties. According to Captain Shaw, success in extinguishing fires cannot be attained without a certain amount of risk, and so long, he says, as the work is done as at present to diminution can be expected in that item. There have been 180 cases of illness, totally incapacitating the men from duty, against 183 for the year 1864. Of this number forty-six have arisen from accidents while in the discharge of duty, and eighty-seven from ordinary sickness. Four deaths from natural causes in the brigade have occurred. All ranks of the brigade are reported to have conducted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the superintendent, not only, he says, affording fresh proofs of energy and fearlessness, but also in what he calls the more important attributes of their calling—promptitude of action, unity of purpose, and, above all, the combination of coolness, steadiness, energy, skill, and judgment, which can alone enable men to cope with great emergencies. With the close of the year the London Fire Brigade, which has existed for thirty-three years, passed from the control of the fire insurance companies to that of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Captain Shaw states that the change has been, and still continues to be, a cause of grave anxiety to him and those who serve with him; but he hopes that, so long as the force retains its characteristic qualities, it may stand well in the estimation of its new masters. So much for the report for the year.

There have been several fires more or less destructive during the last few days. From six o'clock on Friday morning to six on Saturday morning the brigade were engaged in extinguishing as many as eight fires. One in Diana-place and Osnaburgh-street, both in Euston-road, did considerable damage, two manufactories, one of four floors and the other of two, being severely injured. They were in the occupation of Messrs. Brunswick Brothers, cabinetmakers who were unfortunately not insured. The first floor of a building used as workshops, in the occupation of Mr. J. Schooling, wholesale confectioner, at Northside, Bethnal-green, was burnt out, and most part of the roof destroyed by another fire, three adjacent houses also being more or less damaged, with the stock and their contents in all cases. Shortly after five o'clock on Friday morning a fire broke out in an unfinished tavern at the corner of Bolton and Albert roads, St. John's-wood, burning the contents of the three upper floors of a large double house of twenty rooms, and the roof. It extended to a private house at 27, Bolton-road, in the occupation of Mr. A. Walters, damaging the roof and injuring the furniture in removal. A fire which occurred between two and three o'clock the same morning, at 48, Mark-lane, in the occupation of Mr. J. D. Kiddle, wine merchant, burnt out two rooms on the ground floor, used as offices, and did other damage. About eight o'clock on Thursday morning the premises of Mr. A. Carter, a fishing-rod manufacturer in Myddelton-place, St. John's-street-road, caught fire, and the stock in two floors was seriously injured, with part of the flooring. A fire broke out at 43, Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, in the occupation of five different tradesmen, about half-past six o'clock on Wednesday morning, burning out a back room on the second floor and doing great damage to a front room and to the upper part of the house. The premises of Messrs. Lyons, wholesale clothiers, at 10 and 11, Wilton-street, Finsbury, were partly destroyed by a fire which occurred about nine o'clock on Monday evening, and extended to a private house adjoining, in the occupation of Mr. D. Frankenstein. A house of four rooms in Canal-road, Stepney, occupied by Mr. Cullmer, furniture-broker, was burnt out and the roof destroyed on the same evening by a fire which took place towards midnight. The workshops of Messrs. Siebe Brothers, engineers, in Mason-street, Lambeth, were destroyed early in the morning of Tuesday, and some damage done to adjacent houses. During the past week the Royal Society's fire escape conductors have attended fourteen different fires in various parts of the metropolis, arriving, in some case, before the fire engines. In the recent snowstorm the telegraphic wires connecting the various fire stations with the headquarters of the fire brigade in Walling-street were broken, and for the present the communication by that means is entirely suspended, to the great inconvenience of the brigade and to the public detriment.

THE PEABODY FUND.—The trustees of Mr. Peabody's gift appear to have used his money well. They have spent half of it on buildings in Spitalfields, Islington, and Shadwell, of which the first two are finished and occupied. There are about 800 tenants, each of whom obtains one, two, or three rooms, at the respective rents of 2s. 6d., 4s., or 5s. a week. These rooms are modern rooms, pleasant and airy, with plenty of shelves, an oven in every grate, and civilised conveniences; and the only restrictions on the tenants are that they must pay their rent, must not be disorderly, and must not be visibly drunk. They are quite content with these terms, and the solitary objection we can raise to the report is that the trustees have not stated the percentage which the rents will yield on the sum invested. If, after allowing for repairs, it is five per cent, London might be covered with such buildings, but if less than this the necessary work will be much delayed.

BYRON'S HOUSE IN ABERDEEN.—The last thing we did before leaving Aberdeen was to make a pilgrimage to that house in Broad-street in which Byron and his mother resided during a certain period of his boyhood. It is at this moment occupied by Mr. Rennie, a letterpress printer, who courteously showed us over the rooms. Strange mutation! that the residence of the youthful "George Gordon Byron Dominus," as he was grandiloquently styled at the grammar school of Aberdeen, should now be converted into a printing-office; that his mother's drawing-room should now be transformed into a case-room, and that a Columbian press should be the sole tenant of his dark and solitary bed room! Yet not so strange, some transcendental philosopher might say, when we reflect on the prodigious quantity of valuable copy which the poet supplied to the printers in his lifetime. "Shades of the dead! do we not hear your voices?" There can be no doubt about the identity of the premises, for the name of Byron's mother appears on the first roll of police-rate payers which was ever made up in Aberdeen (i.e., in the year 1799), in connection with this very house, although she could not have been the tenant for more than a year or two. Broad-street at that time was one of the best streets in the town. The shops were occupied by the principal merchants, and the floors above by the most fashionable people. Even yet the fine old ashlar fronts and antique window-cornices have something of a noble and aristocratic air; although it must be said the present tenants belong to a lower grade of society. . . . But our interest in this Aberdeen house culminates in the small centre apartment that is still pointed out as the bed-room of the youthful poet, which we enter from the right-hand side of the long dark lobby. This bed-room is 12 ft. by 9 ft. and 9 ft.; and, being destitute of windows, it is "interlighted," as our American cousins would say, in the first place, by a faint light above the door into the before-mentioned dark lobby; and, secondly, by a sort of aperture, 14 in. by 10 in., cut in a sloping direction upwards through the angle of the wall, which, for want of a better term, we must denominate a "skew skylight," after the manner of the Scottish benedictine. . . . The present proprietor of the property is a Dr. Birnie, who went to school with Byron, and has himself some local reputation as a poet. He has, at least, published a volume of miscellaneous poetry. We had the curiosity to inquire of our civil typographer whether he had many visitors. "No," he replied; "they get more at the combworks or the granite-works." Now and then a humble pilgrim came, as we did. Thackeray had called during his stay in Aberdeen, while lecturing on the four Georges; and uncovered his noble head at the shrine of a loftier genius. One irrepressible enthusiast of the name of Potts, and his wife, took possession of the premises a whole afternoon, in order, as they intended, to have an impromptu poem printed off on the spot to the memory of Byron. But the muse was unpropitious; the genius of the place was inexorable; and the threnody of the illustrious Potts, for aught we know, still germinates in the bosom of the events which are possible!—*The Builder*.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE landlord of the Spread Eagle public-house, Thames-bank, summoned a man for wilful damage. The facts were somewhat curious. The landlord, Mr. Bottrell, announced a raffle for a turkey and two rabbits—twenty-six shares, at 6d. each. A number of men took tickets and assembled at the house, with their wives, upon the appointed evening, at the hour specified—namely, eight o'clock. The party waited in the parlour, drinking, of course, and at length broke into what is called, under such circumstances, "harmony." The landlord sent to order them to desist, and followed up his commands by putting out the gas. One of the company relighted the burners, and the singing began again. Then the landlord became indignant, and ordered the whole party out. One of them became obstreperous, and was hauled out by the landlord and his barman. In return, the ejected one sent his fist through a square of plate glass. Next, the landlord proceeded with the raffle, and, by marvellous good fortune, won the turkey himself. Mr. Selfe, the magistrate before whom the charge of wilful damage was heard, evidently regarded the coincidences somewhat disfavorably to the landlord. His Worship expressed his opinion that the turkey ought to have been a fine one for the money; that the rabbits could not have been very valuable; and that it was an awkward feature in the complainant's case that he had drawn the prize. He therefore adjourned the case, recommending a settlement between the parties in the mean time. This case might furnish a good story for a temperance periodical. Five and twenty people drinking for an hour and a half, evicted when uproarious, having each paid sixpence (besides drink money) towards the landlord's turkey, and two rabbits only for somebody else, suggest the items of a profitable speculation in the licensed "virtualising" line, supposing the episode of the window not to have occurred.

The disgraceful state of the streets in consequence of the snowstorm of last week has formed the subject of general comment in the columns of the journals. The blame is laid upon the scavengers, upon the vestry boards, and upon people in authority generally. Wherever the fault may be, the remedy is in the hands of the householders themselves. Because the statute only directs them to keep the footways in front of their houses swept clear of snow, they are quite content to have all the accumulated stuff pushed into the kennel. The result is that the gutter becomes not only filled but forms a bank on each side of the road. Then comes a mid-day thaw. The water thus freed only stagnates in pools or rots the remaining snow into a semi-fluid slush. A frost comes on at night and fixes the whole into a mass. Thus, the streets are cumbered from day to day, whereas if the channel were only kept clear to the drains, the whole effects of a snowstorm would vanish with a few hours of winter sunshine. And, by-the-way, we may here remark that during a long perambulation the least passable place of all that we could find was the front of Buckingham Palace. There the nuisance was disgraceful. At St. James's Palace we were eye-witnesses of the pastime recorded by the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton in a letter to a contemporary. Some person or persons amused himself or themselves by shovelling the snow in heaps from the roofs, and, as each mass came down with a loud report and scattering its particles, after the fashion of an exploding shell, this sport, combined with its results upon unwary pedestrians, was evidently the source of much fun to the operators, as well as to the sentinels on guard.

A young man named Warren, aged twenty-two, and said to be the son of a General in the Army, was tried at the Middlesex Sessions on a charge of having stolen a great coat. The prisoner had strolled into the Westminster Palace Hotel, and, after having occupied himself for some time in looking over the visitors' book "for no one in particular," as he replied to inquiry by the porter, asked first for a railway time-table, and then for a glass of ale, for which he paid. During the absence of the waiter the prisoner took an overcoat from a dinner-wagon in the coffee-room and made off with it. Upon his entry the hall-porter's attention had been specially directed to him, and it was noticed that he had no overcoat. He was followed by a waiter, whom he offered to bribe, at first with 5s., and afterwards with a sovereign. There were three books in the coat pockets. The prisoner suggested that he had taken the coat in mistake for his own; but he had left none in the place he indicated. Moreover, he stated that he had occupied at the hotel a room bearing a certain number, which was shown to belong to a suite of apartments wholly unoccupied. He was found guilty, and sentenced to hard labour for nine months.

The great case of "Hill v. Finney" much resembled a certain cause of "Hatch v. Lewis." In both the plaintiff brought his action for negligence against a solicitor formerly employed by himself; in both the original circumstances were of a kind which many readers might well consider as unsuitable for publication; and in both the defendant had advised the plaintiff not to bring forward certain evidence. In "Hatch v. Lewis" this advice was founded upon the advantage of not giving a prosecuting counsel an opportunity for a reply, and upon the hope of upsetting his case on its own deficiencies and apparent falsehood. In "Hill v. Finney" the original case had been brought before the Divorce Court by the wife of the plaintiff. As he was an officer in the Army, his solicitor, Mr. Finney, advised him that he might avoid much publicity and scandal by not adducing evidence to rebut that on the part of his wife. The advice proved to be injudicious, as the lady made such charges that the effect of their being allowed to stand uncontradicted was to seriously endanger Mr. Hill's position as an officer and his character in society. Hence the present action, in which Mr. Hill was allowed to bring forward evidence which might have been well put before the Divorce Court, and of which the effect would have been materially to reduce the weight of the charges to which he had been led to submit. On the other hand, the evidence for Mr. Finney was such as to lead the Chief Justice in his summing up to declare that no one could doubt the conscientious intentions of the defendant, his honesty, or his good faith. Here was a somewhat difficult problem for the jury. If they decided wholly for the defendant they might fix an indelible stigma on the plaintiff, while in giving him a verdict they would, legally, be almost under the

necessity of awarding heavy damages against a gentleman who had acted conscientiously and in the hope of doing his best for his client. The jury showed their appreciation of the difficulty. At first they found for the plaintiff that the charges alleged against him on his wife's petition might have been disproved; and for the defendant, upon the ground that he had not been guilty of negligence. But, as they proceeded to speak of damages, the Judge told them that they could not give damages, as the verdict would be substantially for the defendant. Thereupon they retired, and at length gave a verdict for the plaintiff, damages one farthing. Hereupon the following conversation is reported as having taken place:—

The Lord Chief Justice—The verdict you pronounced just now would have satisfied all the justice of the case. This verdict is manifestly a compromise. If the plaintiff is entitled to any damages, he is entitled to substantial damages. If, however, this is a verdict you are prepared to stand by I must, of course, receive it. You find against the defendant on the issue as to the advice given?

The Foreman—We do; we find it was negligent advice.

The Lord Chief Justice—That is inconsistent with your former finding.

The Foreman—We wish to give the plaintiff an opportunity of having a new trial.

The Lord Chief Justice—God bless my soul!

The Foreman—I mean a new trial in life.

The Lord Chief Justice—I see, gentlemen, you wish to start him anew.

Dr. Tristram (on the part of the plaintiff)—That is all we desire.

The Lord Chief Justice—What, a farthing damages!

Dr. Tristram—No, my lord, the new trial to which the foreman refers.

The verdict was then entered for the plaintiff—Damages, one farthing.

If we remember rightly, this was also the verdict in "Hatch v. Lewis." Legally, the position taken by the jury is not defensible, but it is a question whether they have not overridden the strict course of law by doing justice fairly to both parties, and reinstating the plaintiff in his character, so far as could be, without material injury to a defendant whose default had certainly not been aggravated by recklessness or bad faith.

Mr. Emery, the well-known actor, sued the proprietors of the *Gleaner*, an evening journal, for an alleged libel contained in a critique upon the first performance of "The Watch-Cry" at the Lyceum Theatre. The words complained of were these—"The part of Mr. Emery was efficiently spoken by the prompter." The plaintiff, Mr. Emery, deposed that he was perfect in his part, and had received no assistance from the prompter. In this he was confirmed by the chief prompter, by the stage manager, and by Mr. Widdicombe, the leading low comedian of the company. On the other side, the critic, Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, and also Mr. Palgrave Simpson, the author (or rather the adapter) of the piece, testified that Mr. Emery had been very imperfect in his performance. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £5 5s. There is, as it appears to us, something of right and something of wrong in this verdict. We are not sorry to find, as a principle, that the law will afford relief to an actor overwhelmed by a sarcastic criticism, if it can be proved to be unjust, even without private malice, and written for the purpose of saying a smart thing; for, if this be so, the same rule may be applied to authors, who not unfrequently suffer bitterly from this kind of injury. With regard to this particular case, however, we are inclined to think that the positive somewhat outweighed the negative evidence, and, moreover, that Mr. Emery had no particular "call" to resort to litigation in resentment of such a very harmless witicism. However, every man must be allowed to form his own opinion as to what his reputation can or cannot bear without damage; and, if his estimate be confirmed by that of a jury, we must consider him to be in the right.

POLICE.

A CONVICT'S CONFESSION.—Edward Morris, painter, was re-examined on the charge of being concerned with John Shaw, who was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude in the December Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, with committing a burglary at Tudor Lodge, Wimbledon-common, the residence of Mr. Francis Martin, on the night of the 9th of October last, and a calling therefrom place of the value of £60.

The case created considerable interest on account of its being known that the convict would be brought from Newgate Prison and examined as a witness. He was brought into the court in the prison dress, and his legs and arms securely chained. He stated that he was induced to join in the burglary by the prisoner, on account of his threats. He met him by appointment outside the Putney railway station, and he had a black bag containing a jemmy, knife, file, and a piece of cord. They went into Mr. Martin's summer-house, where they remained until twelve o'clock. Witness then made an observation of the premises, and saw that all the family had gone to bed. The prisoner cut the pantry window with a glazier's diamond, and loosened the iron bars with the piece of rope and a stick. The prisoner went inside, where he remained for a couple of hours, and witness kept watch outside. The prisoner gave him the bag without the "tools," and witness put some articles of plate in it. The remainder of the plate the prisoner wrapped up in a white cloth, and left the premises first. Witness, however, concealed the bag of plate in the shrubbery, in the hope that it would be found by Mr. Martin's servants. The witness further said that the prisoner took the early-workmen's train at the Clapham station for Ludgegate-hill, that he promised to meet him, but did not keep his appointment.

Mr. Dayman.—Did you meet anyone while going to the Clapham station?

Witness.—We did pass the constable, King. I said "Good-morning" to him, as I thought that was the best thing to do to take off suspicion.

The witness was then cross-examined by Mr. Bradbury, who defended, and he stated that he had every reason to be offended with the prisoner. If he had acted as a man to him this would never have occurred. He had been paying his addresses to Mr. Martin's housekeeper. He had been all over the premises. He knew that the plate was kept in the pantry, because Morris (the prisoner) had asked him to look out for it. Witness had taken him into the pantry and in the drawing-room, too. Witness had previously been in prison for eighteen months for taking a gold watch and chain that did not belong to him. When they were met by the constable, witness was carrying two bundles containing his own great coat in a cloth and another coat wrapped up.

A second case was gone into of stealing jewellery and other articles from the house of Mr. C. Hammerley, of 65, Lowndes-square, on the 25th of September last.

It appeared that the two men were working on the premises at the time, and, according to the convict's statement, the prisoner committed the robbery while he watched. He also said that the prisoner gave him a diamond ring, part of the stolen property; he pledged it at the shop of Mr. Attenborough, pawnbroker, of the Strand, for 30s., which he handed to Morris, who gave him 10s. out of the money. It was about that case which the convict said that the prisoner threatened to tell Mr. Martin and the housekeeper if he did not aid him in the burglary, as he wanted money.

Mr. Dayman expressed his intention of committing the prisoner for trial in both cases.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A DESERTER.—The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* gives the following extraordinary account of a fight between the police and a notorious deserter known as Bill Brooks. We give it as it appears, although, if the account of the weapons and the blows struck is to be believed, some of the combatants must have had thick heads. "On Tuesday morning," says the paper, "at about 11 o'clock, the constable Hill, of the old constable Hill, proceeded thither about seven o'clock for the purpose of apprehending him. Allwood was the first to open the door, with Hill at his heels. Brooks appears to have received information of the approach of his pursuer, for as soon as the door was opened the sergeant received a desperate blow on the head from a kitchen poker. Almost senseless, the sergeant forced his way into the house, and immediately received another heavy blow on the head, cutting him from the crown to the forehead, and knocking the poor fellow senseless. This was the work of an instant, and the next moment Policeman Hill closed with the desperado, and they fell to the ground. An old woman, who was in the house, helped them to their feet, at the same time aiding the deserter to the best of her power. Having regained their feet, Brooks, with extraordinary strength, raised the arm of the policeman and succeeded in getting the thumb of the officer into his mouth, biting it with all the strength his jaws possessed. The pain was so intense that the policeman screamed again, and his cries roused the senseless sergeant, who, as he crawled towards them, drew his truncheon, and, having raised himself to his feet, supported himself by Brooks's collar, and dealt him several blows on the head. Brooks was about to give in, his head being cut most severely, when, unfortunately, the sergeant's truncheon was shivered to bits. The deserter, seeing this, again brought the poker into requisition, and dealt the sergeant a tremendous blow on the forehead, cutting open the eyebrow to a considerable length. Stunned and bleeding as both the officers were, they still clung to their man, and the desperate struggle was continued, Brooks trying to gain the door, and the officers to hold him. The door was open, and Brooks, by a tremendous effort, shook off his men and dashed like lightning into the street. As he had now escaped from the house, the officers knew it would be vain to follow him, even had they been fresh upon the scene; and, consequently, they walked on to the Townhall, and were attended by the police surgeon, who ordered them "off duty." A posse of policemen in plain clothes were afterwards dispatched to endeavour to capture him, and as they turned into Bailey-field they saw him walking quietly a few yards in front of them. A second more and he would be in their custody. But no; quick as thought he turned his head and saw his enemies coming, and in an instant he scaled the wall of a low asphalt, and then like a cat up the wall of a house on to the spouting. Along this he ran, the police endeavouring to bring him down throwing half bricks after him. One of these struck him on the back. For a moment he stopped and looked upon his followers with a malignant smile, then pursued his way, and was eventually lost; sight of, having no doubt found refuge in his seemingly favourite haunt—a chimney."

A PROVINCIAL CANARD.—A somewhat ill-assorted marriage took place on Thursday last, between a widow who has seen nearly three score summers, and a stripling of about twenty-four. The lady, who resides in a fashionable suburb, at the south end of Liverpool, is a widow of highly respectable connections, and has nine children, most of whom have arrived at the age of maturity. Thursday last was fixed upon for the nuptials; but about half an hour before the time when the parties were to repair to church, a hearse, containing a coffin, together with three mourning-coaches, were driven up to the lady's residence. A knock at the door was answered, when the parties in charge of the hearse proceeded to deliver the coffin, which they stated was for the dead body of Mrs. ——. They were, however, informed that she was not dead, and the appearance of Mrs. — herself, who was then dressing, in order to proceed to church for the wedding, testified to the fact that she was neither dead nor in *articulo mortis*. The parties, however, demanded the charges, amounting to £25, and, as a disagreeable crowd was collecting, the money was paid, and the coffin having been replaced in the hearse, the sombre conveyance moved off. In less than half an hour after their departure a train of gaily-decorated wedding carriages was driven up to the door, and the supposed dead widow was driven off to church in company with the juvenile bridegroom, where the marriage ceremony was performed, in spite of the obstacles which had been offered by the young members of the bride's family. [For the accuracy, grammatical and otherwise, of the above story a local contemporary is responsible.]

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE dealings in all National Securities have continued very limited, and a further decline has taken place in the quotations for Money, have been done at 85 3/4; 86 1/4; 87 1/4; 88 1/4; 89 1/4; 90 1/4; 91 1/4; 92 1/4; 93 1/4; 94 1/4; 95 1/4; 96 1/4; 97 1/4; 98 1/4; 99 1/4; 100 1/4; 101 1/4; 102 1/4; 103 1/4; 104 1/4; 105 1/4; 106 1/4; 107 1/4; 108 1/4; 109 1/4; 110 1/4; 111 1/4; 112 1/4; 113 1/4; 114 1/4; 115 1/4; 116 1/4; 117 1/4; 118 1/4; 119 1/4; 120 1/4; 121 1/4; 122 1/4; 123 1/4; 124 1/4; 125 1/4; 126 1/4; 127 1/4; 128 1/4; 129 1/4; 130 1/4; 131 1/4; 132 1/4; 133 1/4; 134 1/4; 135 1/4; 136 1/4; 137 1/4; 138 1/4; 139 1/4; 140 1/4; 141 1/4; 142 1/4; 143 1/4; 144 1/4; 145 1/4; 146 1/4; 147 1/4; 148 1/4; 149 1/4; 150 1/4; 151 1/4; 152 1/4; 153 1/4; 154 1/4; 155 1/4; 156 1/4; 157 1/4; 158 1/4; 159 1/4; 160 1/4; 161 1/4; 162 1/4; 163 1/4; 164 1/4; 165 1/4; 166 1/4; 167 1/4; 168 1/4; 169 1/4; 170 1/4; 171 1/4; 172 1/4; 173 1/4; 174 1/4; 175 1/4; 176 1/4; 177 1/4; 178 1/4; 179 1/4; 180 1/4; 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